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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable "farmers" and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen there was a hearing on the application of Lawton & Chace for a permit to extend their garage property on Barney street. A protest was also received from Harry W. Tennant, who owns adjoining property, his protest being based on the fact that the addition would shut the light off from that side of his house. The board found they had no jurisdiction as long as the law was complied with and the building inspector was directed to grant the permit.

A large amount of routine business was considered and steps were taken to advertise for many of the things authorized by the representative council. The board ordered the issuance of bonds for the Bath Road and Washington Street improvement. Aldermen Williams and Thompson were appointed a committee to confer with the officers of the Newport hospital in regard to the contract for the care of the city sick. Bids were opened for supplies for the fire department and were referred to the City Clerk.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

There has been no undue excitement in the State Legislature this week, pending the completion of the organization for the next two years. Both branches have adopted the rules, which are practically the same as last year, except that the House has added a rule to provide that a motion to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill can be entertained only on a Friday. It was thought likely that the committees of both branches would be announced on Friday.

Governor San Souci has sent a number of appointments to the Senate, to fill vacancies incident to the beginning of the year. For member of the State board of examiners in optometry Governor San Souci named Mr. William P. Carr of this city. The position had previously been held by Dr. Frank W. Putman.

A number of new bills have been introduced but went to the table, pending the appointment of committees.

RHODE ISLAND AHEAD AS USUAL

The Presidential electors met on Monday, cast their ballots for Harding and Coolidge and sent them to Washington by special messenger, as the law requires. That messenger arrived in Washington Tuesday morning before the Vice President, whose duty it is to receive these votes, was out of bed. The ballots were filed with that official's secretary long hours before any other State reported.

Mr. Albert G. Crosby, who has lived alone at his home on Sherman street for a number of years, has been removed to a sanitarium where he can have constant care. He is in his eightieth year, and has fallen considerably in the past few weeks, both mentally and physically.

The price of coal in some cities near Newport is being reduced. There seems no doubt but that there is now plenty of coal in New England to insure adequate supplies for the rest of the winter. The warm weather has helped to prevent undue demand upon the supply.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. James have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lillian James, to Mr. Herbert J. Simmons.

JOHN D. H. LUCE

Mr. John D. H. Luce, a son of the late Admiral Stephen B. Luce, was fatally injured in an automobile accident in Fall River on Saturday, his death occurring at St. Ann's hospital in that city on Tuesday. His sister, Mrs. Boutelle Noyes, was with him when the end came. From the first it was realized that his injuries were very serious and his recovery was regarded as doubtful.

Mr. Luce had lived in Boston for many years, having been connected with Kidder, Peabody & Co. for nearly 25 years previous to 1908, when he became a member of the firm of Luce, Crehore & Co., engaged in Central American enterprises. He was born in Washington in 1855.

Some months ago Mr. Luce leased the Chandler estate on Cliff avenue, and had made his home there, intending to make Newport his permanent residence. He had taken a considerable interest in Newport affairs, particularly at the Art Association and the Seamen's Church Institute.

He is survived by one son, Mr. Stephen B. Luce, his wife having died some years ago. His mother, Mrs. Stephen B. Luce, and one sister, Mrs. Boutelle Noyes, live in Newport, while another sister, Mrs. Montgomery M. Macomb, resides in Washington.

According to reports from Washington, Congressman W. W. Lusk of the House naval committee, who recently made an inspection of the Newport Naval Training Station, will urge upon Congress the necessity of preserving the Station here and making suitable appropriations for its support. He is wholly opposed to removing the War College to Washington, as recommended by Secretary Daniels. While this is encouraging to Newporters, it is difficult to tell what Congress will do, while the movement to reduce army and naval expenditures is in order, but inasmuch as valuable property will be thrown away if the Newport Station is not supported, it is presumed that reasonable appropriations will be made.

Mr. T. Fred Kaul, who was recently appointed inspector of food products to succeed Mr. Hazard, finds the position not wholly a bed of roses. This week he found it necessary to destroy some unfit meat in a store on West Broadway, when the proprietor became incensed and pushed him from the store. Later the proprietor was called to the Police Station and was given a straight talk as to the powers of the inspector. Mr. Kaul preferred not to prefer a formal complaint against the man, as he felt that he was ignorant of the law, but it is safe to say that he will not offend in a similar manner again.

The hearing before the board of aldermen at the City Hall on Friday night of last week developed considerable criticism of the work of the fire department, the principal speakers being Dr. Horace P. Beck, who criticized the drills among other things, and Messrs. James T. O'Connell and Marshall W. Hall, who dwelt principally upon the work of the department at the Long Wharf fire. Questions were asked of all the speakers, and the board seemed determined to have a thorough investigation. At the close the hearing was adjourned to Friday night of this week.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Elizabeth Suydam of Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Samuel Sanford Sheffield, son of Mrs. William Payne Sheffield of this city. Mr. Sheffield is connected with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, being at present with the Atlanta, Georgia, branch of the Bank. He is a veteran of the World War, having been commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the United States Infantry.

Work has been resumed at the City quarry getting out stone to be used on the Bath Road project. As long as the weather permits, it is proposed to work right through the winter in order to have this improvement completed by early spring. There is no indication as yet of any change in the rail system of the street railway on that thoroughfare, because of the lack of available funds, but this will doubtless come some time.

Mr. William Allen, the veteran barber, quietly observed the eightieth anniversary of his birth on Monday, January 10. On December 1st he completed 68 years at a barber's chair, having entered the employ of the late Gorion Anderson on Thames street on December 1, 1852. This is a record that will be hard to beat.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The regular meeting of the school committee, the first of the new year, was held on Monday evening, when the committee organized by the election of Thomas B. Congdon as chairman and William R. Harvey as vice chairman. The new members were present and were sworn in.

A report was received from the sub-committee appointed to investigate a complaint made by a committee of citizens against Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham of the Rogers High School, staff for remarks regarding the claimant to the "presidency of the Irish Republic." The sub-committee reported that Miss Peckham admitted making the remarks alleged, and a letter was adopted to be sent to her expressing the disapproval of the committee. Representatives of the citizens' committee were then admitted and expressed satisfaction that the matter had been investigated.

The monthly report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Total enrollment 4183, average number belonging 3910.4, average number attending 3519.2, per cent of attendance 82.1, cases of tardiness 294, and cases of dismissal before the end of a session 43.

Enrolled in Rogers High School 769 as compared with 738 a year ago.

Absences: 94 sessions by 19 teachers.

Absences: 4 sessions by 3 assistants.

Tardiness: 15 times by 10 teachers.

Tardiness: once by 1 assistant.

Evening Schools

Average attendance since the last meeting:

	Men	Women
Elementary	17.7	11.8
Typewriting	5.2	17.5
Stenography	4.8	19.5
Machine work	9.1	
Mechanical drawing	7.5	
Algebra	11.0	

The Algebra class illustrates the unfortunate conditions under which the evening schools are conducted. By special request 43 men asked for this work. The largest attendance has been 20 and then by gradual decrease the attendance has fallen to less than one-third. The cost for books has been \$49.44 and for teaching \$90—a total of \$139.44.

Board of Health

Since the last meeting the board has reported two cases of scarlet fever and one of diphtheria. The pupils it have caused the exclusion of fourteen other pupils.

Teachers' Retirement Fund

The finance committee of the Teachers' Retirement fund have deposited with the City Treasurer \$6227.06 as the proceeds of the recent bazaar. All known bills have been paid and there is still a small amount due from the advertising pamphlet. The trustees of the fund voted Thursday, December 20, 1920, to invest in Liberty bonds with a face value of \$50,000 and they have made the purchase. There will be a balance in the Savings Bank of Newport and the Industrial Trust Company of about \$10,000, and also there are shares in the Aquidneck Bank, the Newport Realty Company, and the "Builders and Merchants" having a par value of \$2400.

Miss Hunter

After twelve successive years of service as a member of the school committee Miss Anna F. Hunter declined to run again. Miss Hunter served on the sub-committee on Buildings, Teachers, Evening Schools and Text Books and Curriculum. For the last eight years she was chairman of the last named committee. Whenever any matter was referred to this committee she made careful and accurate investigation before reporting.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 81; number of cases of truancy (public 3, parochial 3), 6; number out for illness and other causes, 75; number of different children truant, 6; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 1; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued, 3.

On January 1 a boy who was on probation for larceny was surrendered for sentence for larceny and truancy. He was reprimanded by the Court, and his probation continued.

Colonel Cozzens presented the report of the finance committee and also called attention to the fact that the committee of 25 had not invited the finance committee before it, but had made cuts in the estimate. He wanted to know what to do about the payrolls. It was decided that the payrolls should be made out as authorized by the school committee. A request from Miss Elizabeth B. Peckham for a year's leave of absence was denied. Superintendent Lull was authorized to attend the annual convention of school superintendents to be held at Atlantic City.

There was some discussion over the proposed new Sheffield School, but it was felt that nothing would be lost by waiting for a while. In any event, the school committee has no actual authority in the erection of new school buildings beyond the choice of a site.

NEWPORT DAIRYMEN WILL ATTEND

Newport County dairymen will be well represented at the annual meeting of the New England Milk Producers' Association in Boston, Jan. 25 and 26 when milk marketing problems will be discussed and policies for all New England will be fixed for the year. The County Association will be represented by its President, Frank T. Peckham of Middletown, and it is probable that a number of members from different local associations will attend. The County Secretary is Clinton B. Copeland of Newport. The County Agent has also been invited to attend all sessions.

A record breaking attendance is expected at the meetings, as there has been a substantial increase in numbers and interest in the Association during the year. A special invitation has been extended to the wives of Association members, to be present at the banquet and evening session on the opening day. Dr. A. W. Gilbert, Massachusetts State Commissioner of Agriculture, will be toastmaster and the speakers will be Dr. Charles E. North, widely known for his connection with studying the sanitary handling of milk, and Prof. W. P. B. Lockwood, head of the Dairy division of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The first day of the meeting will be given over largely to reports, including those of the Managing Director and the market and field district managers. Policies and program will be decided upon at the second day sessions and officers will be elected. The Association must elect a President to take the place of the late Frank S. Adams, of Bowdoinham, Me., whose death in November was a great loss to the Association. Chauncey M. Gleason of Haverhill, Mass., acting president, will preside at the meeting.

The New England Milk Producers' Association now has about 21,000 members, representing Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, also portions of Connecticut and of New York State. The locals in the Newport County Association are Newport, Portsmouth and Tiverton, with a total of 221 members.

Mr. Michael M. Murphy was run over by an automobile truck at Broadway and Ayrault street Thursday morning and was removed to his home where the extent of his injuries is being investigated. A few hours later Mr. William Geib was knocked from his bicycle by another truck at Broadway and Equality Park. He was taken to the Newport Hospital. The truck that figured in the first accident was owned by Robert A. Smith and the other by the Newport Wood Company.

Mrs. John J. Moore died at her home on Wesley street on Thursday after a long illness. She is survived by her husband, who is master mechanic at the Torpedo Station, and by three sons and three daughters—Messrs. Cornelius C. Moore, William G. Moore, John J. Moore, Jr., Miss Molly K. Moore, Mrs. Joseph F. Sullivan and Miss Pauline E. Moore.

Mr. Herbert A. Kaul has severed his connection with the Colonial Theatre, of which he has been manager since its establishment. The new syndicate, which recently took over several local playhouses, now has one of its own men in charge.

Betsy Williams Lodge, Daughters of St. George, observed its sixth anniversary in its lodge room in the Mercury Building on Monday evening. A Christmas tree was presented and a general social time followed.

Ex-Governor R. Livingston Beekman has started for California, where he will spend the winter. He is expected to stop at Marion, Ohio, for a call upon President-elect Harding.

Rev. Harold Stearns Capron occupied the pulpit of the United Congregational Church on Sunday last, and was welcomed to his new pastorate by a large congregation.

Mrs. Thomas A. Lawton has gone to Camden, S. C., where she will spend the winter.

LITTLE COMPTON

Borden Wordell, the oldest resident of Little Compton, passed his 98th birthday recently. Mr. Wordell still retains his faculties and enjoys good health, being able to be about. Mr. Wordell holds the gold-headed cane which is given to the oldest citizen of the town. With his son, Lafayette, he lives at the Borden homestead on the West Road.

OFFICERS ELECTED

Trinity Church
Senior Warden—George Gordon King.
Junior Warden—William J. Cozzens.

Secretary—Herbert Bliss.
Treasurer—James P. Cozzens.
Vestrymen—Robert C. Coltrell, Jeremiah I. Greene, William D. Sayer, Clarence A. Carr, Herbert Bliss, Edward Griffith, Henry Barton Jacobs.
Council of Advice—George Peabody Wetmore, William Ennis, Arthur Curtis James.
Budget Committee—George Gordon King, James P. Cozzens, Jeremiah I. Greene.

Delegates to Diocesan Convention—George Gordon King, William H. Walcott, Edward Griffith, Robert C. Coltrell, Lucille R. Edgar.

Alternates—William D. Sayer, Andrew J. DeBols, Elizabeth Breese Smith, Clarence A. Carr, Henry T. Maxwell.

Delegates to Convocation—Mrs. John Freys, Mrs. Edward G. Brown, Henry C. Wilkinson, George Gordon King, Mrs. N. R. Saulpaugh.
Alternates—Herbert Bliss, Mrs. J. R. Austin, Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing, Dr. Seth DeBols, Hugo R. A. Anthony.

Pow Committee—Edward Griffith, Sexton—William G. Beckley.
Auditors—William D. Sayer, William H. Walcott, W. Norman Sayer.

St. George's Church

Senior Warden—Peter King.
Junior Warden—William S. Slocum.

Vestrymen—James T. Wright, David C. Caesar, Robert Miller, Samuel W. Marsh, Edward H. Mortin, C. Leroy Grinnell, Sidney W. Hanchett, Robert S. Gash, Jr., Harold C. Clarke, Lawrence W. Champlin.
Secretary—William S. Slocum.
Treasurer—Samuel W. Marsh.
Assistant Treasurer—Robert Miller.

Organist—C. Leroy Grinnell.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Peter King, William S. Slocum, Samuel W. Marsh, David C. Caesar.
Alternates—Robert Miller, Edward H. Mortin, James M. King, Harold C. Clarke.

Delegates to Convocation—Miss Mary Hazard, Mrs. Edward A. Bates, Mrs. Edward H. Mortin, Mrs. Sidney W. Hanchett.
Alternates—Leroy Grinnell, Harold C. Clarke, Lawrence W. Champlin, Julius L. Barker.

National Exchange Bank

President—Edward A. Brown.
Vice Presidents—Edward S. Peckham, Frederick B. Coggeshall.
Cashier—George H. Proud.
Assistant Cashier—Earl W. Bates.
Directors—Edward A. Brown, Edward S. Peckham, William R. Harvey, Frederick B. Coggeshall, M. H. Sullivan, John T. Haile, William H. Langley.
Tellers—William H. Cross and John L. Woods.

Newport National Bank

President—George W. Sherman.
Vice President—William A. Sherman.
Cashier—Henry O. Stevens, Jr.
Assistant Cashier—William Stevens.
Directors—George W. Sherman, William A. Sherman, Henry O. Stevens, Jr., William Stevens, William P. Carr, William E. Dennis, Jr., William W. Covell, Bradford Norman.

Aquidneck National Bank

Directors—Peter King, Christopher F. Barker, Charles A. Brackett, Thomas B. Congdon, Isaac L. Sherman, Lewis L. Simmons, Jr., William H. Hammatt, John C. Seabury, Thomas F. Keeher.

Victory Class, 2d Baptist Church

President—Helen Manuel.
Vice President—Doris Franklin.
Secretary—Dorothy Kimball.
Treasurer—Esther Jilson.
Lookout Committee—Ena Carr, Marion Young, Gertrude Booth, Mildred White, Dorothy Riley, Doris White.

Sick Committee—Hazel Henderson, Helen Taylor, Catherine Greenman, Jennie Patrick, Edith Wheaton.

Haraca Class, 1st Baptist Church

President—Harold Sherman.
Vice President—Clifford Towle.
Secretary—Edgar Eldridge.
Treasurer—Harry Chapman.

Red Men's Club

President—Robert L. Oman.
Vice President—Harry B. Oxx.
Secretary—Frank P. King.
Treasurer—Francis M. Sisson.
Collector—Allen G. Goddard.
House Committee—William A. Burdick, William F. Barker, Edmund L. Boone.
Music Committee—Arthur B. Marvel.

At a special meeting of the board of aldermen on Monday evening, Mayor Mahoney announced that he had re-appointed John S. Tobin as Chief of Police for another term, and the appointment was unanimously confirmed by the board. Mayor Mahoney and several members of the board took occasion to speak of the excellent record made by Chief Tobin and the splendid work of the department under his command.

The sudden drop in temperature Thursday morning was quite a contrast to that of the previous days. However, the weather bureau does not indicate any prolonged cold spell.

In the list of aged dead published in the Mercury last week, the age of John B. Allen was given as seventy-six. It should have been eighty-six.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Peckham

About 100 relatives and friends attended an "at home" on Monday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Peckham, to extend congratulations upon the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which took place on January 10, 1871. Among the guests were Mrs. Peckham's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Manchester, who celebrated their fiftieth anniversary last October. Mrs. Manchester was present at the marriage of her sister, as were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham, who also attended the anniversary on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Peckham received many cards and beautiful flowers, including a beautiful bouquet of yellow pansies and maiden hair tied with yellow ribbon from the



school committee, as Mr. Peckham is superintendent of schools. St. Columba's Guild of the Berkeley parish sent a bouquet of 60 carnations, as did Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham and Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Ritchie sent a very beautiful basket of flowers, beside many other floral gifts. They also received many gifts of gold. Light refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham have two children, Mr. Harry Peckham and Miss Nellie R. Peckham.

This is the fifth golden anniversary to be celebrated recently, the others being Mr. and Mrs. John R. Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Clarke Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham, and Rev. and Mrs. John Lowden.

Dinner Given for Berkeley Parish Teams

A dinner was given the three teams of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel in the Parish House on Monday evening. Four long tables were spread in the hall, with Rev. and Mrs. L. Harding, Hughes, Mrs. Howard Peckham, Mr. Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Peckham and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson at the heads of the tables. Three of the tables were occupied by the three teams with their captains, and the fourth had their guests, about one hundred persons being present.

The Captains of the teams are as follows: Team 1, Mr. Russell M. Peckham and Mrs. A. Russell Peckham; Team 2, Dorothy C. Peckham and Mr. Lawrence Peckham; Team 3, Miss Happy M. Austin and Mr. Lloyd S. Peckham.

A supper was served by St. Columba's Guild, with Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, as chairman of the committee, assisted by Mrs. E. Marion Peckham, Mrs. Iestom Peckham, Mrs. Ida Calvert and Mrs. Daniel Peckham in charge of the coffee.

After the supper the reports of the three teams were read and a total of \$1,233.46 had been earned since last March.

Mr. Lewis B. Plummer led in the singing of "Smile," accompanied on the piano by Miss Hattie M. Austin, after which Mr. Frank Corcoran played for dancing until 11 o'clock.

The Oliphant Parent-Teachers' Association was organized on Tuesday afternoon and the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. George Thurston.

First Vice President—Mrs. Martha Bliss.

Second Vice President—Miss Nellie Pagnin.

Secretary—Mrs. Howard Sanford.

Treasurer—Mrs. Joseph Chase.

A committee of Mrs. Harold R. Chase, Mrs. Howard Sanford, Mrs. Vincent Leonard, Mrs. Patrick Cawley and Mrs. James R. Chase, 20, drew up the By-laws, which were adopted.

Mrs. Johnson of Providence, who addressed the parents at the last meeting, also spoke again on Tuesday. Meetings will be held on the second Tuesday of every month.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Julian F. Peckham. Mrs. Arthur G. Sisson was in charge of the subject, "Aerial Navigation."

The Epworth League met at the Methodist Episcopal Church Wednesday evening. Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham was in charge of the subject, "The Perils of Materialism."

An entertainment and smoker was held at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday evening. The affair was in charge of Messrs. James R. Chase, 2nd, John H. Spooner and Lewis B. Plummer.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, which was held on Thursday evening at the town hall, State Master Chapman and Mrs. Chapman installed the newly elected officers.

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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PART I.

Moral Emblems.

Please don't skip this description of Robert Hervey Randolph—six feet straight up and down, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, nose slightly up-ended and wearing a saddle of faint freckles, clean shaven, well groomed, very correctly dressed, and twenty-six years old. Let it be added that his eyes were placed just far enough apart to stamp him forever honest; he had an open and most prepossessing countenance.

At the moment of the start of this rapid yarn, he was standing in the Van Tellers' library, looking down in pained and flushed surprise at Miss Madge Van T., who was sitting in a huge leather chair half facing the fire in the open grate, one leg very much under her, the other waving a satin-and-silk combination of foot and ankle in distracting accompaniment to her disturbing speech.

"Bobby," said Miss Van T., "you are darned good-looking; you're strong, straight, and a gentleman; there are times when you are wholly adorable, but, nevertheless, I'm not going to the show with you tonight, or to the opera tomorrow, or anywhere any more. There, there, dear boy; you don't have to say anything. You have one of those faces that is absolutely beyond the aid of a vocal organ. It says everything that is in your heart of gold before your brain has time to tickle a bell."

"Look here, Madge," said the pained Mr. Randolph, "are you making fun of my face or of my brain or of both?"

"My dear," said Miss Van T. quite gravely, "I'm not making fun of you in any way whatsoever. I'm merely telling you how lovable you are, so that you will understand how serious it is when I say that I've decided not to love you any more."

"But how can you help it?" stammered Mr. Randolph, his tongue for once saying the same thing as his face at the same time.

Miss Van T.'s breast fluttered as though rising against its mistress to the defense of this disingenuous young man, and she was obliged to swerve her eyes from his and draw a long breath before she answered.

"I can, because I will," she said, her face paling. "Oh, Bobby, can't you wake up? Look round you and come to earth! You are born and bred on Manhattan, yet you've never seen New York."

"I guess you're right," said Bobby thoughtfully. "Look here, Madge: why should I try to see New York, and why should we be talking such-cans when I've got you to look at in one of the most bewitching and abbreviated bits of dress goods that ever revealed a completely adorable person? Tell me that."

"Well," said Madge, her face hardening, "I will. It's a long story, not in words but in generations. The Van Tellers have lived in East Ninth street since the year one of the island. That is, they used to live here; now they hardly exist. They are merely an assorted lot of animated corpses that crawl out of their tomb periodically to take a strange air, leaning on a rotten stove called the 'Old Order.' Listen to this, Bobby: The new New York is a fever, and I've caught it. I want a racy-day car, a calling-car, and a touring car; I want dresses that will stab with envy the heart of every woman that looks at them; I want my jewels to run to size and quality, and I want a yacht just for the papers to talk about, because I hate to ride in the smelly things."

Bobby's eyes had grown rounder and wider as the list progressed. "Do you think you could get along on a hundred thousand a year?" he asked very softly.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I've been going into the subject rather thoroughly, and a hundred thousand would be running it on a pretty close margin. By the way, just what is your allowance under that crazy will?"

"Ten thousand," said Bobby.

"Well," said Miss Van T., "there you are! Just enough to keep you comfortably in debt, and you want to marry me on it! It wouldn't be quite so out of the question if you knew you were going to have it forever, but you don't. It may be cut off."

"Any day," said Bobby promptly. "It isn't likely, after all these years, but it may."

"Well, there you are!" Miss Van T. repeated herself. "I'm not altogether a pig, Bobby. Ten thousand with you thrown in is enough to make any woman think three times, but the truth is you have been killed by too little and too much kindness. If you had never gone on as super for a disappearing heiress, you might have amounted to something by now. Instead of making you, that money has buried you."

"You don't know the altogether, Madge," said Bobby. "Do you think I've never thought things out? When I need to make money, I'll do it. The great thing nowadays, it seems to me, is not to have too much."

"Not to have too much!" exclaimed Miss Van T., a puzzled frown on her forehead. "Bobby, do you know that

you've said something original? No; I won't put it quite as strong as that, but I will say that you've given birth to an exotic idea.

"But it doesn't alter things as far as I am concerned," she continued, almost without a pause. "In fact, it only simplifies matters. You've signed the warrant. I want loads of money; you're afraid of having too much. So we'd better turn our backs on each other and march."

Mr. Randolph looked at her through narrowed eyes.

"I suppose," he said, "you have picked out the man with a hundred thousand a year?"

"Not finally," said Miss Van T., "though they are not so scarce in this burly-burly world as your question implies. After all, it isn't the cash I'm keen on, but what it will bring. It necessarily'll earn my own living."

"Earn your own living?" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Will you please tell me how you could earn anything?"

"Well," said Miss Van T., "I've had a couple of offers without even asking. When I tried to sell Shion Shion down on this very freak on the grounds that I was hard up, he said, 'In the next way, that he would take me on at sixty a week any day during the next five years.'"

"And the other?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"The other," said Miss Van T., dropping her eyes, "was Becher Tremont. He wasn't quite so nice, but he offered more. He said he was looking for a private secretary, who could name her own price."

"During the next five years—at your own price," repeated Bobby, his mind dazed but nevertheless going straight to the kernel of each proposition. "Madge, do you know what you're saying? Do you know the horrible things you later?"

She moved one hand impatiently.

"Bobby," she said, "don't get theatrical. I tell you New York is a fever. I've caught it, and I'm not a bit sorry. The choice between being a Van Teller corpse and a fastidious woman is easy. The semi-deceased of New York, if they play for high enough stakes, have a world of their own that is worth moving in. Money is merely an adjunct to it—nothing but the bridge across which clever men come to show themselves off at their untrammelled best."

"Madge," said Bobby, at once frightened and earnest, "you only half know what you're talking about. There is such a world as you speak of—it's the



"It Would Take Me Years to Learn to Kiss You Again."

world of insatiably hungry women. It's brilliant and fascinating for a while, but it breathes a poisoned air, and all its roads lead down. Every woman that goes into it with her eyes open has an idea that, with her beauty and her brains, she can buck the tiger and get away with it. She won't look over her shoulder, and read the record of an endless losing run on the black."

Miss Van T. smiled.

"I'm already beginning on my reward," she said. "You've never talked so well before in your life."

"It's more than talk," said Bobby, flushing angrily. "And the ways of access that you have imagined!" he continued.

"You read happy stories to the public taste of midwives, show-room girls, and dress-models, and perhaps you think they mirror the life. Why, Madge, the faunts that those girls fling indifferently at virtue and at vice are so vile that they couldn't be repeated even among half-decent men. And the other way, the private door for the private secretary. That's a road of burned bridges. Every man, decent or indecent, feels a queer sinking of the heart when he hears of a woman taking it. He looked at her shrewdly. "And yet you may do it," he said, half to himself. "If you are one of the hungry women, God help you, for they all walk blindfolded."

"They don't walk," said Madge, flushing, and her eyes gleaming strangely. "That's just the point: they

"And crash," finished Bobby.

"That's the very word," said Madge. "If you'll only keep on the way you've started, I'd love to talk to you all night."

"No chance of that," said Bobby, straight-lipped. "I'm through, and I'm going." He turned toward the door.

"Not without kissing me good-by, Bobby!" cried Madge.

He looked over his shoulder with a polite but impersonal smile.

"I'm not on kissing strumpet women," he said lightly. "It would take me years to learn to kiss you again."

He left the room and the house.

With his top-hat pushed back on his head, the ends of his moustache flying loose, his overcoat half unbuttoned, he swung up the deserted lower reaches of the Avenue, punctuating his thoughts with the solid rap of his stick on the pavement. It might be supposed that he was thinking and musing over the sudden demise of the Miss Van Teller he had thought he had known for many years, but such was not the case.

Mr. Randolph was not built on mourning lines; at the moment under review, he was thinking about himself and the strange fate that had made him a foster-child of fortune. He proceeded to look back ten years. Just a decade ago he had had his one meeting with the young lady whose disappearance had brought him an unstable affluence. It had taken place on this very Avenue and less than forty short blocks away. He had reason to remember the encounter, for it had brought into sudden conjunction a lovely Persian cat, a lovely wire-haired terrier, a lovely child, and himself.

The cat had dashed from a proud front door to cross Forty-something street under the nose of a taxi-cab; the dog had flown in yapping pursuit and, in the act, snaked his young mistress off her paws. He, Mr. Randolph, had seized one of her flying feet, hauled her and the terrier back to safety, and no sooner placed her upright and smoothed down her absurdly short skirts than he, she, and especially the dog, became the center and circumference of an animated pinwheel.

Her unshaken determination to hold to the leash, whatever happened, brought disaster. The said leash wound three times round her ankles and those of Mr. Randolph, bringing them both down kerplunk and facing each other. "My, what a bump!" she had cried, in startled tones, and then thrown back her curly head and laughed.

It was so that he remembered her—a child of ten or eleven summers and no winters, merry as a sunny day, dark-haired, dark-eyed, pink-cheeked, pampered but unspoiled. She had risen and taken his hand, told him her name, thanked him, ordered a hurried nurse to thank him, shaken her finger at the terrier, and said, "Good-by" and "Come on, Maggie," all while he was still rubbing the seat of his first long trousers.

On that day she had been Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, petted darling of the gods and Mr. Brewster Thornton, banker and widower; two months later had come Thornton's financial smash and, immediately afterward, his spiritual and bodily collapse. Everything that had made for life in him having been swept away, he died as a matter of course, and was buried. For sole inheritance, little Gene Thornton found herself possessed and possessed of one Maggie O'Rourke, a nurse of long standing, of earnest and faithful face, and a monster heart imprisoned in a pitifully thin chest.

It had taken Gene's great-uncle, Asa Thornton, six more months to forget a quarrel of sixteen years' standing with his nephew, and by that time child and nurse had been seeped into that lower world which can't afford morning and afternoon editions and is too busy praying for daily bread to look for a ruin of manna in the daily press.

In short, Maggie and her charge, traced down the ladder of reputable, disreputable and impossible lodgings, had slipped ultimately from sight and the ken of people with addresses, and, as a result, Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, whose relationship to Mr. Asa Thornton is of no import whatever to this tale of cause and effect, came into ten thousand a year and a string—the string being the possible reappearance of Miss Imogene Pamela.

"Bob," had said old Asa, on the verge of a tardy demise, "I'm not introducing you to a war between conscience and self-interest. There's no silly story-book test about my money; you are under no obligation to look for Imogene or to shout if you step on her by any twist of chance. My lawyers have all the instructions necessary along those lines; they are to make every reasonable effort, and if they succeed, why, you're man enough to look out for yourself. It isn't going to make a devil of a lot of difference to me where the cash goes so long as I die with—die with the credit."

With that last sentence, his mind had stumbled and wandered off to memories of his nephew Brewster. Looking back from the vantage of twenty-six years, Randolph caught, for the first time, the full import of Asa Thornton's farewell words to him and to life: "Die with the credit." They held the kernel of the old man's carefully measured amendment.

"Great old top!" murmured Mr. Randolph aloud, and half unconsciously turned to the left of Forty-second street. Five minutes later he was caught in the maelstrom of the Thanksgiving crowd milling around Times square.

Presently he found himself on the edge of a human sea, backed up to give passage to a honking empty taxi-cab. Here was another question for a suddenly inquiring mind. Where did taxi-cabs, empty ones, go to in such a hurry? The door of this one was swinging open, and the proof of how intent the crowd was on its myriad individual goals is evidenced by the fact that a dozen voices did not inform the driver that the season was off for fans on wheels.

The cab was moving more slowly

than Mr. Randolph's subconscious mind, which led him to step into it and quietly close the inviting door. Upon seating himself, he tried to analyze the impulse that had lifted him from the curb. He decided that it was not so much the curiosity as to the destination of empty cabs as a natural and ancient dislike for being pushed and elbowed by people.

It was not long before the cab, unwittingly loaded for bear, drew up with a final honk at the stage-door of the Crocodile. Immediately came a rasping voice that was vaguely familiar to Mr. Randolph.

"Well," it said, "you sure took your own time getting here." The driver, expert in aggravating repartee without words, pressed the bulb of his atrocious horn three times. "Cut it out!" said the rasping voice. "There isn't any hurry now."

It was incredible, reasoned Mr. Randolph with himself, that anyone should forget that voice once heard, and he was right. He remembered it. It was the voice of Mr. Duke Beamer, whom he had had the distinct pleasure of blackballing for one club in college and three in town. Mr. Beamer, to his honest mind, was the best living example of animated slime in tailor-made clothes.

Mr. B. was not alone; Mr. Randolph could just see his companion through the slant of the half-raised window-glass, and even that distorted glimpse was very close to a vision. The girl was young, beautiful, and troubled. Her cheeks were thin and pale, her parted lips quivering; her chin was tremulous. Of course she was very cheaply but neatly clothed.

"Make up your mind," said the rasping voice. "Ride with me or walk the streets by yourself, and don't forget that there's no job behind you. You've said good-by to that door for good."

The girl's wan face went through that contortion which says, "I won't cry," and doesn't, thereby achieving a pity beyond the need of tears. The quivering of her lips, the trembling of her chin grew more pronounced—only to steady down as she swept up stricken and imploring eyes to the face of the unseen man.

"Oh, Duke," she begged, "promise—promise you'll be always good to me." "Of course, little one," said the rasping voice, promptly and much relieved, promising lightly to pay on demand, in full for a soul delivered in advance. "You'll never regret it, believe me."

The girl tore her doubting eyes from his face and stepped toward the cab. Mr. Randolph made himself exceedingly small in the corner nearest the curb. An unseen agent opened the door; the girl slipped in and turned to seat herself; her escort made to follow. Then did Mr. Randolph suddenly lean forward and proceed to push in the face of Mr. Beamer with his open hand and the full weight of his shoulder. That astonished scion of a once gentlemanly house reeled backward and sat down on the pavement kerplunk.

"My, what a bump!" spoke a keen young voice, over Mr. Randolph's



"My, What a Bump!"

shoulder, but he was too occupied to take note of it at the time. He leaned forward for a moment, and then got the full effect of the bump on his top of his head.

"Ten dollars' worth of the park," is what he said.

The driver welcomed the sudden apparition with a friendly grin, honked defiantly three times, and threw in the clutch. They were off, and trailing after them came such a string of blasphemous utterances as made Mr. Randolph wince.

The girl was laughing. No longer did her eyes search for a gleam they thought they had lost forever. It was there within them, come back to roll back in her pupils and spill itself in reckless spending.

"Oh! Oh! What a bump!" she gasped.

"Funny, wasn't it?" said Mr. Randolph weakly.

"Awfully," said the girl.

Thereupon fell a long silence. The cab cut across the traffic, reached the Avenue, and eventually the dark park before Mr. Randolph found anything further to say.

"Funny, wasn't it?" he remarked. The girl cast him a startled look. "Why," she gasped, "that's what you said before."

"So I did," said Mr. Randolph, frowning thoughtfully. "So I did. By the way, what's your name?"

The girl caught her breath and swallowed her laughter. "Vivienne Vivienne," she said, after a pause.

"How awful!" commented Mr. Randolph. "One of those deliberate attentions that go with the back row of the bleachers."

"Front row," Vivienne defended promptly, but muzzling. Her lips pushed down at the corners. "At least it was front row."

"I know," said Mr. Randolph. "You've been fired. I heard what Beamer said to you. How long have you known that snake?"

"Not very long," she answered. "He got me on, and I suppose he got me off. She drew a long breath and turned appealing eyes to Randolph. "Please," she said, "don't let's talk about him. I want so to be happy for a few minutes. I love the park at night with its border of lights. Let's play a game."

"A game?" said Randolph doubtfully.

"Yes, we'll guess which is Central Park West and which is One Hundred and Tenth street and which is the Avenue. It is not as easy as you think after you've been going round a while. I'm feeling dizzy already."

"You are!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph. "Well, let me tell you it isn't from buzzing round a two-mile circuit. What did you have for dinner?"

Miss Vivienne shut her lips tight.

"Won't you please play my game?" she asked faintly.

Mr. Randolph frowned as though considering the subject very seriously, but the matter that held his attention was not the proposed guessing-match. That would not have been fair nor amusing, as the deadlights of his own very comfortable Apartment blinked at him every time they came to Fifty-ninth street. He was justifying to himself a very questionable move. He wished to feed this stray damsel and, at the same time, talk to her with a purpose. He could not see himself doing it in a cabaret, and every hotel supper room had already become one of those things. He came to a decision and spoke.

"I'll take a hand in your game, all right, but not just as you think. Do you—would you trust me?"

Immediately the girl was on her guard. She looked into his face and read it.

"I would never have thought of not trusting you if you hadn't asked that old, old 'trap question,'" she said gravely.

"Forget that I asked it," said Mr. Randolph promptly, and leaped out to give the driver his address. A thin-lipped and weary frown was still on that individual's face when he drew up before Mr. Randolph's abode and honked three times deviously to the world in general as seen from the front of a taxi.

"Wait," said Mr. Randolph to the Jehu, as he hung out the girl. She paused with one foot half-way to the curb, but that single word directing anything as expensive as a taxi to stand by reassured her.

Randolph preceded her to show the way and turn on lights. He never looked back to see if she followed, and this implied trust in herself seemed to drag her after him up the single flight of stairs that led to his rooms.

"Old-fashioned but cozy," he said, as he applied a latch-key and opened a door that gave directly on a large square sitting room. "I hate elevators in a place you call home."

In an open grate was a dying wood fire. He proceeded to poke and feed it at once, saying over his shoulder: "Sit down anywhere, will you?"

Facing the fire was a deep and much worn leather couch with a pedestal at each end carrying shaded lamps. They were the only ones he had lighted and their glow was so subdued that it blended with that of the fire without fighting it. The girl chose to seat herself stiffly in a corner of this couch.

Mr. Randolph looked at her rigid pose with marked disapproval, but said nothing. Having rejuvenated the fire till it leaped merrily to an attack on the fresh backing, he left the room and was absent for a considerable time. When he returned, it was to place a small table before his guest and then he fetched a tray well loaded with those things which grace to perpetuity a healthy bachelor's parlour.

He drew up a chair for himself and, with an inviting nod, started to eat in great deal and very rapidly.

"Get in on the lunch while there's time," he admonished. "I warn you there's nothing more in the house."

The girl gave him a grateful look and proceeded to fill herself with the most sustaining food within reach. She did not fail to note that there was nothing to drink but water. When they could eat no more, Mr. Randolph removed the table, and then seated himself in the opposite corner of the couch.

"You don't seem to be at ease here," he said presently. "If you think you'll be more comfortable, we can go down and sit in the cab. I want to talk to you."

The girl considered gravely for a moment; then her face broke into a smiling smile that swept up and settled in her eyes. She reached for a cushion, put it at her back, tucked one



"Now Talk," She Said.

foot under herself, and waved the other in the same fashion as had Miss Van Teller earlier in the evening.

"Now talk," she said.

"Do you like me?" asked Mr. Randolph.

She nodded her head.

"You're not afraid to be here?"

She shook her head.

"Have you ever been in a man's room before?"

She looked him straight in the eyes and made no other sign.

It was Mr. Randolph's turn to flush.

"Then," he said, "if you like me and if you're not afraid, please begin at the start and tell me all about it."

The girl's eyes fell and sought the fire. Her face slowly paled to the shade of her somber thoughts. She was no longer pretty; she was beautiful, with a revealing transparency that made her seem unfeigned, a disembodied spirit of sincerity and truth, indubitably pure.

"I had a nurse once," she said, in a low voice, "and a wire-haired terrier, a show-dog and a darling. His name was Sport." She raised solemn eyes to Randolph's face as though measuring his powers of understanding. "My nurse died and then, one day, I had to sell Sport; I wasn't old enough to sell myself."

She stopped speaking with an unmistakable finality. Randolph was overwhelmed by the flood of information that this slip of a girl had packed into two-spore words. A life-story in four lines and a revelation of the heart thrown in for good measure. Over and above that, he had to reckon with the confirmation of a suspicion which had been slowly establishing itself in his mind that he had met her before, that not for the first time this night had those soft lips, curved for merry words, cried, "My, what a bump!" within his hearing.

So many considerations pressed to his immediate attention that he awoke to the actual present too late to stem the tide of tears that suddenly rose to the girl's eyes.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what is to become of me? I was so happy here, if you hadn't made me think!"

If anything has been said in the course of these pages to give the impression that Mr. Randolph was modeled after Joseph or bejeweled out of ice or packed with probity to the exclusion of red blood, forget it. At the sight of those tears, he slid the length of the couch to first base, held the girl in his arms, switched her round so that she lay across his knees, drew her face against his shoulder, and rocked her gently.

"You poor kiddie," he said softly, "what a devil of a time you've had! But believe me when I tell you I'll all over. This is the night that starts your old happy sun into the blue sky again. Don't worry."

She stopped crying and looked up into the honest face so close to her own, puzzling as to how just those words could have come from it; but the world had taught her a hard lesson in varying standards. She drew a long quivering sigh.

"If you could only wait until I love you, body and soul," she breathed.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Why, then it wouldn't be so bad—so ugly."

"I don't get you," remarked Robert Hervey.

"A man told me just a little while ago that he was making a catalogue of reasons why women give them selves," she continued. "He had eleven already, and yet he was one of the nicest men I've met. He talked to me as though he were showing me a way that I must travel alone."

"Really?" said Mr. Randolph, stifling perceptibly.

"The lowest reason of all was for cold cash," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Then came the glitter of precious stones, and, after that, silk underwear."

"Silk underwear!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, mystified and interested in spite of himself.

"Of course you couldn't understand that," she said, "not unless you had seen some poor girl bury her face in crepe de chine and lace; tremble to try them on, and then sob because she had to wear clothes over them."

"Look here," said Mr. Randolph, shuddering at the pith of it: "We'll pass on to the next, if you don't mind."

"Curiosity comes next," resumed the girl obediently. "A woman is weak until she knows everything. Then comes a funny one that you won't understand at all. It's called 'Because.' Because he had on a coat that reminded her of an old coat that a man she had loved used to wear."

"My dear girl—" protested Mr. Randolph.

"I said they weren't interesting," she reminded him dispassionately. Her eyes widened. "And now," she continued, "we go up and up—spite that stabs its own heart; the lonely soul; consuming fire, and, last and greatest reason of all, just love." Her eyes glowed to some distant focus: "If all myself, my honor, my past, and my future dissolve to the single drop of a present moment in the crystal cup of love, then let me give myself to a lover's lips for, once drained, nothing will be left upon which to hang the badge of shame—nothing remain in all the world but the spirit and—and the sacrifice."

"Girl," said Mr. Randolph, crushing her to him as though he snatched her back from just beyond his grasp, "where is your mind wandering? What have you been thinking? That I was asking you to—give yourself to me?"

Her eyes came suddenly to his face. "Yes," she said; "I thought that." He stared at her for a long silent moment, his lips quivering nervously between pity and severity. A flush swept over her face, and into her eyes crept a look of fear. "You don't want me?" she whispered; then, as he did not speak: "Kiss me. I wish you to kiss me."

There was something in her insistence that clutched at his heart and bent him forward. He drew her head up slowly to meet his lips and kissed her as lightly, as imperiously as brother ever saluted sister, but far more fearfully. Immediately her body went limp in his arms, turned to a

Continued on Page 8

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence:

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

RACE SOON TO BE EXTINGUISHED

Fall in Wake of Civilization Have Spelt Doom to the Polynesians of South Seas.

What modern civilization is bringing death and extermination to the splendid race known as the Polynesians, is the claim of all travelers who have spent time on the beautiful southern Pacific Islands. Charles Bernard Northcott, in the Atlantic Monthly, in sorrowing over this says:

"To say that Christianity was their undoing would be absurd; they died and are dying under the encroachments of the European civilization of which Christianity was the forerunner. Everywhere in the South seas the story has been the same, whether told by Stevenson, or Melville, or Louis Becke. We brought them disease; we brought them cotton clothing (almost as great a curse); we suppressed the sports and meretricious and petty wars, which enabled the old Islanders to maintain their interest in life. And lastly, we brought them an alien code of morals, which succeeded chiefly in making hypocrites of the men whose souls it was designed to save. Today there is nothing to be said, nothing to be done—the Polynesian race will soon be only a memory."

New Method of Identification.

Not only are the finger prints of every human being different but the position of the bones of the fingers, and also the shape of the nails are different. Doctor Beclere, a well-known student of radiography, utilizes this fact in a new method for identifying criminals. The method consists in making an X-ray photograph of the hand, showing the bones and the finger-nails. Ordinarily such a photograph would not show the flesh, but in order that the record may be complete the fingers are soaked in an opaque salt, by means of which all the lines and marks are clearly shown. Doctor Beclere considers that the possibility afforded by his discovery of keeping a record of nails as well as of finger prints should prove of the greatest use in identifying criminals.

Vast Wealth in Liberia.

The Sun and New York Herald a few weeks ago was probably the first newspaper in our country to announce that Liberia, in West Africa, had just come into view as very rich in natural resources, both agricultural and mineral. It is nearly as large as the state of New York, fronts on the Atlantic for about 800 miles and its coast belt is only about twenty miles wide. North of the coast belt the whole country is a vast forest, through which Sir Alfred Sharpe of England has recently penetrated. He has informed the Royal Geographical Society of the enormous population of this, till now, unknown forest land and of the unexpected resources, including gold and other minerals, that await development there.

Applary in Big City.

It seems a little odd to think of domestic bees in a great city, yet there has been discovered in New York a man who successfully attempted this. It was this man's love for natural history and particularly for insects that led him to experiment in keeping bees in the city. He kept his bees in a box on the roof of his home on One Hundred and Seventeenth street. He procured a hive, stocked it and awaited results. The bees sailed forth, but not to starvation. In a short time they had come in process of construction and were filling them with honey.

Bare Feet Not Injurious.

Eve was reputedly barefoot and Naussica played ball all the better because she went unshod. Helen of Troy at the most wore sandals, and the sandal is the compromise between the shoeless and the shod. It is easier to make sandals than to make shoes. In Ireland and Scotland the children have run barefoot for many a day, and the wit of one and the enterprise of the other show that there is nothing really demoralizing in going without shoes and stockings.—London Chronicle.

Mixed Her Metaphors.

Among the humors of the campaign for woman's suffrage is the following "bull," which, we may remark, is about as good as anything in this line ever perpetrated by one of the opposing sex. Indignant over something, we forget exactly what, a suffragist once exclaimed: "This action is almost as if the senate had buried its glove into the teeth of the advancing wave that is sounding the clarion of equal rights."—Boston Transcript.

Color and Precious Stones.

Diamonds are not always crystal clear, but vary greatly as to color and few of the precious stones are true to color. The famous Hope diamond is a real and most beautiful blue. Green diamonds are found, and others of a lovely crimson, but these are very rare. Black diamonds are common enough. Black pearls are rare, but are found. Pink pearls are greatly prized.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TAXI

dead weight of uninspired flesh.

"It is true," she murmured, despondently. "You don't really want me and I can never love you now."

Randolph awoke to that still cry. He shook her, seized her head in both his hands, and forced her eyes to meet the blaze in his.

"You generous, careless, adorable little fool!" he growled. "Why, you're the most desirable and precious bundle of fable charm that robber man ever trembled to hold in sacrilegious arms!"

She stared at him amazed.

"Why don't you kiss the way you talk?" she demanded.

"Because there's no reason for your desperate barker, my dear Imogene Pamela Thornton."

In one little motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upthrown.

"How dare you—how dare you call me by that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the blaze in his own a paltry thing. "Do you think she would lie in your arms?" She asked, gulping out the words. "Vivienne Vivienne—her lips curled in distaste at the name—'ah, yes; poor despairing thing! But I—Imogene Thornton! Oh, who are you?' 'Why did you?' She dropped her face in her hands and sobbed as though her heart had broken.

Randolph did not leap to comfort her this time; he did not even watch her. With his eyes on the edges of fire that peeped from between and round her ankles, he began to talk.

"I knew you; I knew Sport; I knew Maggie. Just once I met you all, and I've never forgotten. I couldn't." He smiled crookedly. "You and I sat down, so hard together and you cried out, 'My, what a bump!' and laughed and laughed—just like tonight, back there at the stage-door of the Crocodile."

Pamela stopped crying.

"So you were that awfully nice boy," she said, disclosing fear-stained cheeks and looking him over as though she were inventing a long list of points of deterioration.

Robert Hervey Randolph, six feet tall, freckled-nosed, open-faced, blue-eyed and broad-shouldered, looked up at her almost appealingly as if his whole sum and substance were crying out to be appraised at face value but no less.

"That's me," he said, rapidly. "My name is Robert Hervey Randolph. Some people call me 'Bob,' some 'Hervey,' and the sly ones say 'Randy.'"

"And I shall call you 'Mr. Randolph,'" said Miss Thornton bravely, and then broke into: "After—after I've—thanked you again and—again from my heart. I'm going now."

"That's a 'wrong guess,'" said Robert, smiling happily—he didn't know exactly why. "I'm the one that's going, after you promise me that you'll stay here until ten o'clock tomorrow. But before we come to that, please, don't thank me, ever. It's selfish, but I'd simply love to have you remember me as Bob, or Hervey, or at the very worst, Randy. Won't you?"

She looked this way and that before she let her face ripple to its wondrous smile.

"I'll go as far as Randy," she conceded mischievously; then the smile went and the shadow came. "But I really can't stay here, you know."

Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single stride and caught her by both wrists. "Look at me!" he said. "If you won't promise to stay here without a break till ten o'clock tomorrow, and thereafter at your pleasure, I'll stay myself and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two—"

"I do."

"Do what?" inquired Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he dropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas eve," said Miss Thornton weakly. "Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered, enigmatically, tossed the latch-key on the table, and left her.

She can be excused for springing upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabman, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him tell it to wait?"

Presently she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them his door. For twenty breathless minutes she watched, tormented by the thought that they had retired to have it out where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. But at last they issued—both of them. Mr. Randolph proceeded to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned from the window to start on a private conducted voyage of discovery.

Strange doings, indeed, and stranger still could Imogene Pamela have heard as well as seen. This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said:

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gowan, boss, wot d'yer take me for? Here I been freezin' most to dot fer two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock w'out even readin' it."

"Shucks!" said Mr. Randolph. "What's bittin' you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your huzz-wagon? You?"

"Now, the Village Cab company," replied the saturnine cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and

I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cab, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job."

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph, "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing I want you to promise in that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and whoop it up for New Haven?" Randolph fixed him in the eye.

"You know I won't, because I say it."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver complacently. "No bonus broke. Now, there's just one thing more: have you figured that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth avenue or the Bowery, an' I'd have to wait those clothes of yours all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" asked Randolph, a little peeved. "Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure I'll take it!" said the driver promptly. "If I wasn't a-goin' to have took it from the first, what would I 'a' been standin' here talkin' for?"

Whereupon they entered to the cramped privacy of the cab and exchanged garments. Randolph was ready in ten minutes, but it took him another ten to complete the appareling of the puzzled chauffeur. That worthy added to his investiture in Randolph's best evening suit a sticky grin.

"Say," he asked, "how do I look?"

Mr. Randolph surveyed him.

"Oh, you'll do, all right. You look about the way I would if I'd been on a bat. Better have a few drinks, if you can find them, and the world will fall for your clothes. What time do I turn the wagon in, and what time do I go on again? Do you bunk at the garage, by any chance?"

"Never you mind where I bunk," said the ex-cabman suspiciously. "You think I'm goin' to throw in a happy home for two hundred? You're on the night shift for this week. Read the rules and regulations when you get to the garage. Say good-by to the boys for me an' tell the manager to go to blazes."

They followed this remark out of the cab; the tough in top's clothing cranked the car and turned westward, as previously chronicled, while Mr. Randolph, now substitute to Patrick O'Reilly as driver of the Village Cab company's No. 1888, hurried his chauffeur eastward, not to meet the morning, as it had appeared to the watching Miss Thornton, but in search of the residence of the head of the legal firm charged with the duty of carrying out the instructions of the defunct Mr. Asa Thornton.

Mr. Randolph, vice O'Reilly, drew up at the familiar address in Madison avenue and laid his car check by jowl with the curb as though anchoring it for a long stay; then he descended from the driver's seat, entered the cab, exclaimed thanksgiving at finding a rug, wrapped himself in its warm folds, curled up on the seat and went to sleep.

In the cold early morning the strong arm of the Law reached in and dragged him back from the Elysian fields where he had been wandering hand in hand with a lovely person dressed in a little velvet toque and very cheap clothes.

"Here, you!" said the voice of the Law. "Don't you know you can't put up a hotel in this burg without a license? Wot the—"

"Morning, Officer," said Randolph, trying his best to be pleasant. "I'm waiting for my fare. Any regulation against that?"

"Don't put that stuff on me," said the Law. "This ain't the Tenderloin." "I know it isn't," remarked Mr. Randolph. "But I happen to be waiting



"Don't Pull That Stuff on Me," Said the Law.

for Mr. Borden Millyns, of Millyns, Branch & Millyns. Ever heard of him?"

"Sure," said the cop, impressed but still suspicious. "He lives here all right, but I ain't seen him turnin' down his own cars for night-hawks lately."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "I could tease you along for some time and make you look like a nut, but I won't. The truth is, his prize bitch, Bride of Lammermoor, is pupping tonight, and I'm here to take the lady, and her litter down to the dog-show in time to get 'em settled for the opening. Messey job, but the meter is charging for it."

"There ain't a man living that could think up a lie like that, not sudden," murmured the officer, and turned to resume his beat, while Mr. Randolph promptly hit the mat in the hope of catching up with Elysium. He slept;

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort.—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

he slept too deep for dreams, and was beyond the reach of the call of any motorhorn when Mr. Millyns' town car tried to shoo him along at eight-thirty of a bright morning.

Once more was Mr. Randolph dragged by main force to wakefulness. "Good-morning, Thomas," he remarked. "Is the old man up?"

"Jolly good! Mr. Randolph! What 'ave you been up to now?"

"None of yours, Thomas," said Robert Hervey, in a kindly but firm voice. "Get me a bit of paper and a pencil."

The chauffeur discovered the required articles in Mr. Millyns' car, handed them over, and curiously watched Mr. Randolph write his note to the effect that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton would receive her legal representative at Mr. Randolph's rooms in Fifty-ninth street between nine and ten. It was added that the said rooms, upon which rent had been paid to the end of the quarter, and all they contained, including the man, Tomlinson, were at the perpetual disposition of the said Miss T.

"Now, Thomas," said Mr. Randolph, "you take this in to the old man himself and tell him a chauffeur with an empty cab brought it. If you say another word I'll have you up at the union for losing me my job, and I'll lick the stuffings out of you besides. Get me?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Randolph!" said Thomas. "Leave it to me to help you make trouble whenever you feel like it. It's a slow world except for the likes of you."

As soon as the man had entered the house, Mr. Randolph started his cab and made for a point of vantage in the park, from which, in due course, he beheld the arrival of the lawyer at Fifty-ninth street. He waited long enough to make sure that the legal gentleman had penetrated to Miss Thornton; then he threw up his flag and made for the garage.

He sought out the manager.

"Say," he plunged. "Pat O'Reilly lost his job to me last night shooting craps. My clock read twenty-eight dollars this morning; here's my slip."

The manager glanced at the slip, and took a long look at Mr. Randolph.

"You're on, kid," he decided. "Take any shift you like. What's your name?"

"Slim Hervey," said Mr. Randolph promptly.

"One of them earned names," commented the manager. "All right. Go to it."

To be continued

Would Maintain His Principle.

"Look here, my friends," said the soap box orator, "I am standing here to maintain the great principle of free speech, and if any man interrupts me I'll give him one on the nose."—Boston Transcript.

Powerful Sermon.

A penurious north side man was so affected by a charity sermon the other Sunday that he borrowed a dollar from a neighbor and put it in his own pocket.—Chicago News.

Effect of Habit on Some People.

A West Dallas widow says that the only reason why she would ever take another husband is because it is so hard to stop marrying when once begun.—Dallas News.

An Art Few People Master.

Next to saying the right thing at the right time comes the art of keeping one's mouth shut when there is nothing to say.—Toledo Blade.

An Objection.

We believe in telling the truth, but somehow or other we have no use for the man who insists on telling the truth just to be disagreeable.

Cynical.

"His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was single."—The Stamford Advocate.

STORAGE HOUSE FOR WINTER

Proper Place for Keeping Apples or Potatoes Is Often Lacking on Farms.

The grower of either apples or potatoes who has no storage is frequently at the mercy of the speculator. An efficient storage house would make the man independent of the buyer and beyond the danger of losing their crops through a car shortage or by frost in the fall.

The Lake Poets.

The Lake Poets, the Lake School, the Lakists, were names given by British critics about the beginning of the past century, to a certain brotherhood of poets who "haunted for some years about the lakes of Cumberland, England," and who were "erroneously thought to have united upon some settled theory or principles of composition and style. Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were regarded as the chief representatives of this so-called school, but Lamb, Lloyd and Wilson were also included under the same designation.

Of Dreadful Imagination.

The were-wolf belongs to the class that includes the dragon, the unicorn, the basilisk, the cockatrice and other fabulous monsters, but he was probably the most terrifying of all, for he was believed to have the malice and cunning of a man with the ferocity of a voracious animal. Man's imagination has made some strange animals "with which to frighten him, but nature outstripped him with the ichthyosaurus, the megalosaurus and the pterodactyl, which she grew tired of and threw out before man made his appearance in the scheme of life on this globe.

X-Ray in Shoe Store.

A leading New York store has recently installed an ingenious X-ray outfit which permits its patrons to see just how their feet fit in any pair of shoes. In fact, at a glance the patrons can note the position of the bones of their feet in any given pair of shoes, and in that manner determine whether they are trying the proper last or not.—Scientific American.

When Coal Was Not Burned.

Queen Elizabeth, broad-minded in many things, believed coal burning was bad for health, and whenever the country gentlemen came to London to parliament, no one in the city was permitted to light a coal fire.

Lightning Likes Loamy Soil.

Lightning strikes loamy soil most frequently, according to recent investigations. Then, in diminishing order, sandy soil, clay, and chalk. In fact loamy soil is struck twenty-two times as often as chalk.

Rose Leaves Again.

Rose bowls are no longer old fashioned, but modern, comes the word from New York. The idea of keeping rose leaves has been revived and Chinese pattern bowls are becoming very popular.

Somewhat Hard on Humanity.

Every man's experience of today is that he was a fool yesterday and the day before yesterday. Tomorrow he will most likely be of exactly the same opinion.—Mackay.

Did It Seem That Long?

Santa Cruz News—"She was sixty-nine years of age and she had been married for more than a century."—Boston Transcript.

Zero in Fascination.

Personally we don't know any kind of man-hunter that looks less fascinating than the switch in a show window.—Boston News.

Change Your Key.

The fellow who is always harping on one string soon gets out of tune with the world.—Boston Transcript.

Special Bargains

Full and Winter Woollens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 1 per cent. less than our regular prices. Take us in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
184 Thames Street
NEWPORT, R. I.

Gems Affected by Light.

The colors of most gems are more or less fugitive. That is, under certain circumstances they are liable to fade. Take two rubies exactly similar, shut one in the dark, and leave the other exposed to full sunlight, and at the end of two years there will be a distinct difference between them. The one that has been exposed to the light will be decidedly paler than the other. Similar results may be observed with both emeralds and sapphires. Garnets also will turn lighter, while in the case of the topaz, sunlight ends by dimming and dulling the color of this pretty stone.

Metal Suits in Ye Olden Times.

Armors of ancient days often achieved fame for the quality of their metal suits, but their secrets are an open book in the light of modern metallurgical analysis and microscopy. Sections of iron cut from some 12 samples of old armor and examined by the United States bureau of standards revealed that a pure wrought iron was used, carbonized into steel by cementation, hammered into sheets and welded together. The completed suit of armor, after shaping, was then hardened by quenching.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The Newly Married.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a newly married couple—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world; that you can have no hopes of her. It is true I have none, nor wishes either, perhaps, but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.—Charles Lamb.

The Perfect Man.

A young king once asked a sage-wit kind of person he considered was the most perfect, whom it would be wise if all men would imitate. "The most perfect man," said the wise old man, "is not he who seems most perfect, but he who not only is able to discover that he is imperfect, but also strives through life to amend his faults as much as possible."

She Works Fast.

My most embarrassing moment was one time when a young girl, I was supposed to marry asked me to buy her a milk fur. I told her to wait awhile. Next time I saw her she was wearing a milk fur coat and told me she had met another young man who bought it for her; and was engaged to marry her.—Chicago Tribune.

Sugar Gives Off Sparks.

A queer phenomenon has recently come to the notice of Washington scientists. Disks of loaf sugar mounted on a rapidly rotating lathe while a hammer bent lightly against them were seen to give off a continuous light that has not been satisfactorily explained.

Wanted Doctor in a Hurry.

Richard broke two bones in his leg. When his father went to the telephone to summon a doctor the "little chap" said: "Please, daddy, tell the doctor to come in a flying machine instead of his auto, so he can come quick, 'cause it hurts me so."

Speaking of a Mania.

The friends of a certain first-day school were astonished at the text given by a small girl, who in a tone of great earnestness repeated during the closing exercises: "Ye cannot serve God and mammas."—Friends' Intelligence.

Two Meanings in Dream.

To dream of a flood where houses and people are carried away foretells great disaster, loss in business and mental weakness, unless you swim out of the flood, when it signifies power and wealth.

Corn's Many Names.

Corn is a term often used for the important cereal crop of a given region; thus in England corn usually means wheat; in Scotland, oats; in Ireland, barley, while in this country it means maize.

Unclassified.

"Yes," said the snobbish young lady, "I realize that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and I can say I am very glad I am not one of them."—American Legion Weekly.

Published at Newbury, 1921
The Mercury.
Newbury, C. I.
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
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Home Telephone 1070

Saturday, January 15, 1921

An Ohio Congressman wishes the dry law to be suspended for thirty days so that the thirsty can drink up the liquor now on hand.

The legislative bill now before Congress carries with it an appropriation of \$7,100,000 for the enforcement of the prohibition liquor law.

With ex-Governor Garvin in the Rhode Island Senate the members will not be given many idle moments. Already he has begun his work of introducing bills and the Senate is young yet.

The latest reports from Harding's self-appointed Cabinet makers say that only one member has as yet been selected by the incoming President, and that one is Charles Evans Hughes for Secretary of State.

The Providence dealers have reduced the price of the slag, slate and stone that they are selling for coal, \$1.00 per ton. Will the Newport dealers now selling the same "fire-proof" stuff please take notice.

Many of the would-be fashionable women of Washington have got inaugural suits for sale. Many prepared on an elaborate scale for an old-fashioned inaugural ball on March 4th. President Harding blasted their hopes of show and now they have no use for inaugural dresses.

There are only a handful of Democrats in the present General Assembly, but what few there are can keep things lively. While they know that most of the bills which they introduce, and which in some cases are introduced for buncomb, will never again see the light of day, that will by no means deter them from putting their bills into the legislative hopper.

If there should be a vacancy in the United States Supreme Court before March 4th, as there is very likely to be, it is said that President Wilson will appoint ex-President William H. Taft to fill it. This would certainly be a good appointment and a very proper one. Taft, while President, appointed Judge White, a Democrat, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Now Wilson can reciprocate by appointing a Republican of National reputation to succeed him.

The President that is to be is going to have plenty of clothes, according to a special despatch to a Boston paper. Here is a list of what his tailor reports that he is to make for him before March 4th: Two cut-away coats, one frock coat, two dinner coats, two dress suits, one dinner overcoat, two spring overcoats, six pairs of flannel trousers, 12 silk vests for dinner and dress suits, 11 "everyday" suits, three "everyday" overcoats; six pairs of trousers and six "fancy vests."

The total vote cast for President this year throughout the country was 28,769,708, an increase of 9,091,881 over four years ago, due largely to the women voters. Of this number of votes President-elect Harding had 16,141,629, a plurality over his opponent of 7,001,763, a majority never before equaled by any President in the history of the country. Had all the citizens of the South been permitted to vote and have their votes counted, the Harding majority would have been several millions more.

The slag, bone, shale and stone which is being sold for coal in Newport is apparently the same stuff that is sold all over New England. In Boston they call it "fire-proof" coal and an investigation is demanded. The Massachusetts Fuel Administrator is in Washington, urging that Congress take some action, claiming that the State is being mulcted millions of dollars by this stuff that goes by the name of coal. The people of Newport will heartily approve of his efforts to bring about an investigation.

We are of the opinion that the permanent denizens of the National Capital will not love President-elect Harding if he keeps up the economic methods which he has established in regard to the Fourth of March. Inaugural. What Washington wants more than anything else is a great show, and the people don't care what it costs so long as some one else pays the bills. The hotel keepers, in particular, were preparing to reap a rich harvest on the Fourth of March, and already in anticipation were getting thirty and forty dollars a day from the dear people, and now owing to President Harding's declaration of any extra ceremony on that occasion they must come down to earth and be satisfied with regular rates from the dear people. President Harding has shown that he possesses a level head in declining all undue pomp and ceremony on the occasion of his inaugural.

SOUTHERN DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGROES

Representative Tincham of Massachusetts is determined that some action shall be taken by Congress to prevent, in the future, the wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in the South. There is no question but that he is on the right track. The fourteenth amendment of the Constitution is being flagrantly violated in most of the Southern states. The colored vote in some of the states has been entirely wiped out. In many of these states only one political party is allowed to exist. Take the total vote cast by Mississippi, for instance, which has eight Congressmen, and it will be found to be less than one-half that cast by Rhode Island, which has only three Congressmen. In looking over the Congressional Record it will be seen that every one of Mississippi's Congressmen report that they were elected without opposition, which shows that only one party was allowed to vote in that state and have its votes counted. The negro is allowed no share in the government of that state, yet the negro is made to count in making up the number of Congressmen that state shall have. The total vote cast for President at the late election in the eight Southern states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia was 1,213,007. Yet these eight states have sixty-six representatives in Congress. The Northern states of Indiana cast 1,262,398 votes, 48,791 more votes than the entire eight Southern states above mentioned, and yet Indiana has but thirteen representatives against the sixty-six representatives of these eight states. New York, with forty-three representatives, cast 2,935,473, more than double the entire South. Carrying this comparison still further, Rhode Island, with three representatives, cast 167,385 votes, while Mississippi, with eight representatives, cast 82,621 votes and South Carolina, with seven representatives, cast 65,571 votes. The State of Delaware, with one representative, cast 94,768 votes, being 29,185 more votes than was cast by South Carolina to elect its seven Representatives. This injustice to the Northern states should not be allowed to go on longer. If the Southern representation in Congress is cut down in proportion to the number of persons allowed to vote, it will not be long before the colored people of the South will get the rights supposed to be guaranteed to them by the 14th amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

RECONSTRUCTION PROBLEMS

"Reconstruction" is not the terribly difficult problem in this country that it is in Europe. In those war-torn lands millions of crippled men must be taught to support themselves. Debts amounting to almost the entire capital wealth of some of these countries must somehow be financed. Markets have been destroyed, and many business men have to create a wholly new trade. America's problems are relatively small. Our country is just as rich as it was before the war, and we have no great body of crippled men. Our man power is nearly intact. Pessimists will retire to the rear, while men of confidence and hopeful spirits see the wonderful opportunities of a new era, and will carve out new fortunes for themselves. The first step after a period of upheaval when the ordinary habits of business are upset, is to get everybody working. The relief from the emotional strain of the war, created during 1919 and the first half of 1920, produced a wave of extraordinarily good business, but on an artificial basis. When people began to recover their senses, they rebelled at the inflated price level, and stopped buying commodities. This pricked the bubble. But as when a balloon bursts in mid-air, the descent was too rapid for safety. The business community needed a parachute, and for lack of it, some have come to grief. The so-called "Consumers' strike" has gone as far at present as is consistent with safety. While the price level ought eventually to descend still further, if the people attempt to force it further down now, it will increase unemployment, and lead to many disasters. Good merchandise bargains are being offered now, probably as low as they will be at any time during 1921. It is a good time to buy, and public welfare demands a greater movement of commodities.

FOR DAYLIGHT SAVING

(Providence Journal.) The campaign for daylight saving is on. The New York Legislature may repeal the existing law, but the cities of the State seem certain, in that case, to enact local summer time ordinances. "Greater New York," the organ of the metropolitan Merchants' Association, favors Federal adoption of the common-sense system for the Eastern standard time zone, but, failing that, the great majority of the people in this part of the United States are likely to have daylight saving by municipal authority. Apparently, however, there is a tendency to restrict summer time to five months—from May first to October first, inclusive, regardless of the fact that daylight saving is at least as much needed in April and October as in the intervening period.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent.)
Officers of Daughters of Liberty Installed
The following officers of Martha Washington Council, No. 20, Sons and Daughters of Liberty were duly installed last Friday night by State Deputy Hattie Walden, State Councilor Annie Hasney and State Treasurer A. E. Medbury were also in attendance.
Councillor—Mary Steadman.
Associate Councillor—Daisy Williams.
Vice Councillor—Margie Lewis.
Associate Vice Councillor—May Allen.
Recording Secretary—Armenie Mitchell.
Assistant Secretary—Mary Sheffield.
Financial Secretary—Addie Dodge.
Treasurer—Gertrude Dodge.
Guide—Lillian Rose.
Inside Guard—Lena Mott.
Outside Guard—Minerva Allen.
Trustee—Sarah Sheffield.
Junior Ex-Councillor—Marion Mott.
Junior Ex-Associate Councillor—Edna Sheffield.
Assistant State Vice Councillor Cassie Smith assisted the State Councilor in the installation ceremonies. During the evening interesting remarks were made by the visiting State officers. Miss Walden and Mr. Medbury presented an original dialogue entitled "Missing the Boat," which was highly appreciated by the entire lodge.
After the installation ceremonies a supper was served, which was followed by a period of dancing.
Market Whist Attracts a Gala Crowd
The 15th Market Whist of the Athletic Association, held in Mohegan Hall last Saturday night, attracted one of the liveliest and merriest throngs of young people that have turned out thus far this season.
Odd Fellows Install
Neptune Lodge, I. O. O. F., held their annual installation of officers last Saturday night in Odd Fellows Hall.
The installation ceremony was followed by a turkey supper and smoker. The following officers were installed by D. D. G. M. Harry L. Smith of Providence and his suite of Grand Officers.
Noble Grand—Rufus Willis.
Vice Grand—Charles Freeman Milliken.
Recording Secretary—E. Burton Dodge.
Financial Secretary—George R. Smith.
Warden—S. B. Dickens.
Conductor—Elmer A. Allen.
Right Supporter to Noble Grand—N. Eugene Stinson.
Left Supporter to Noble Grand—Howard Fisher.
Right Supporter to Vice Grand—Owen S. Mitchell.
Left Supporter to Vice Grand—Georgia Hoard.
Chaplain—Rev. Winifred Arnold.
Inside Guard—Austin Westcott.
State Councillor Annie Hasney and State Deputy Hattie Walden, Sons and Daughters of Liberty, were entertained during their stay on Block Island by Miss Marion Mott at her home at the West Side.

New Club Organizes
The young ladies belonging to Mrs. Earle Lockwood's Sunday School

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880—\$1.00
e Fi Fo Fum—One Step
Dancing Honeydew—Fox Trot
 - A2879—\$1.00
Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot
 - A2883—\$1.00
Mohammed—Fox Trot
Afghanistan—Fox Trot
 - A2895—\$1.00
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
 - A2898—\$1.00
Kid from Madrid—Al Johnson
C-U-B-A—Kaufman
- We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE
NEWPORT, R. I.

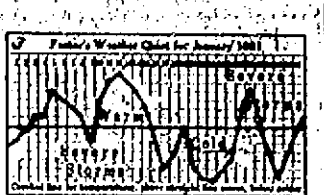
Weekly Calendar JANUARY, 1921

STANDARD TIME						
	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
1 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
2 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
3 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
4 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
5 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
6 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
7 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
8 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
9 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
10 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
11 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
12 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
13 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
14 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
15 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
16 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
17 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
18 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
19 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
20 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
21 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
22 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
23 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
24 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
25 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
26 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
27 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
28 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
29 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
30 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	
31 Jan	7 11	4 12	5 11	10 12	11 6	

New moon January 1, 0.33 morning
First quarter January 15, 1.12 morning
Full moon January 23, 6.9 evening
Last quarter January 30, 3.3 evening

Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., Ellen Bush.
In this city, 12th inst., Katherine Brown.
In this city, 12th inst., John J. Moore, aged 41 years.
In this city, 12th inst., Mary G. daughter of Capt. Joseph H. N. and Elizabeth G. Waespe, aged 5 years.
On Tuesday, Jan. 11, John Dandridge Henley, son of the late Admiral Stephen B. Henley and Miss Hendley Lane, in Portsmouth, 11th inst., Amanda E. widow of Charles A. Vars of Jamestown, in Portsmouth, 10th inst., Joseph M. O'Sullivan, 1st Lt. J. Henry, son of Stephen S. and Della Mason.
In West Annapolis, 10th inst., Mrs. Alvin Gaskins, daughter of P. H. and the late Sarah (Lawson) Gibbs and sister of Mrs. Wm. H. C. Johnston.
In New York, 6th inst., Augustus J. son of Mary A. and the late Thomas Sweeney, formerly of this city.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Jan. 16, 1921.
I am writing this Bulletin on January 16 and am anxious about what may occur in the way of weather, great storm, volcanic eruption and earthquake events near January 9. I have given repeated warnings, and when this is published the reader will know whether I had any foundation for the warnings. Of course the earthquakes were expected where they usually occur. I gave many warnings of the great disturbances for the week centering on Dec. 13. Many lives and properties of great value were destroyed during that week, including the Argentine, China and Japan earthquakes. Storms on this continent were at their greatest intensities of the year 1920.
During the first part of the week centering on January 24 a great warm wave will appear in the extreme northwest as it comes out of that cold northern climate of Alaska. As usual it will move southward, and by Jan. 24 will have spread all over the Rockies and all the country west of meridian 90. It will move eastward to the Atlantic coast by or a little before 27. During first part of week centering on Jan. 29 a great high temperature wave will come out of the extreme northwest and extend to all the country west of meridian 90 by Jan. 29, drifting to Atlantic coast by last of month. Very severe storms will follow each of these warm waves and a cold wave, with blizzard, or northerly accompaniments, will follow the last. Colder than usual is expected from Jan. 15 to 22 but not bad weather, and that week will be your opportunity for getting your outdoor affairs in good condition for a week of bad weather from Jan. 23 to Feb. 1, and then no good weather is expected to immediately follow.
Southeastern part of a storm center, which is a low barometer, is warm and the northwestern part cold; northeastern part of a high is the cool wave, or cold wave, and its southwestern part is the warm wave. The Sun does not cause these high and low temperatures; the planets cause them. The Sun causes the warmer during the day and its absence causes cooler during the night. The Sun's effects on temperatures are seen in the changes of temperatures from winter to summer.

class at the Center Methodist Church met at their teacher's home last Tuesday afternoon and organized a "Mystery Society." The real name of the organization has not as yet been decided upon, but a committee with this objective in view, however, was appointed. The following officers were elected:
President—Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood.
Vice President—Miss Marion Fenner.
Secretary—Miss Marie Heinz.
Assistant Secretary—Miss Edna Dodge.
Treasurer—Miss Lorraine Sprague.
Social Committee—Miss Ethel Teal, Miss Frances Jaiken, Miss Eleanor Conley.
Visiting Committee—Miss Ruth Westcott, Miss Doris Mitchell, Miss Dorothy King, Miss Marion Fenner.
The young ladies voted to hold an invitation basket party next Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Lockwood.
At the conclusion of the business session a Welsh rarebit was served by the hostess.

Afternoon Tea
Miss Rubie Willis entertained a number of her friends at an afternoon tea last Wednesday at her home at the New Harbor. Among those present were Mrs. Armenie Mitchell, Miss Sarah Allen, Miss Gladys Steadman, Mrs. Mary Steadman and Mrs. Hazel Lockwood.

Hold Sale
The Mystery Society, composed of the young ladies from Mrs. Ella Lockwood's Sunday School class of the Center church, held a food, candy and ice cream sale at the Public Market last Wednesday afternoon. Although inclement weather conditions prevailed throughout the day, the sale was largely attended by the village folk who registered a clean sweep of everything in stock long before five o'clock. The proceeds of the affair will be used by the class in assisting to erase the outstanding mortgage on the church.

Planning a Smoke:
The Bottled-in-Bond Club are making preparations to hold a smoker the latter part of this month, a feature of which will be a 10-round boxing match between Ed. McGinty, the walking cyclone, and Jim (Ginger) Hubbard. The program is being arranged by A. Channing Littlefield and Charles Smith.

Pictures at Center
Stereopticon pictures portraying the life of Joseph were held at the Center Primitive Methodist Church last Wednesday evening under the auspices of the Sunday School department. Rev. Alice Haire, pastor, lectured and explained the various pictures. During an intermission hot coffee and doughnuts were served and ice cream sold, after which a series of comedy pictures were shown. A large and appreciative audience attended.

Mrs. Uriah B. Dodge of Main street was taken last Thursday to the home of Mrs. Mary Steadman at East Providence, where she will remain during the winter months. Of late Mrs. Dodge has been in poor health and last Wednesday her son, Lester E. Dodge, and Miss Hattie Dodge of Norfolk, Va., arrived and accompanied her to East Providence, where it is thought the change would be of great benefit in assisting her to her former good health.

To Have Annual Supper
Mohegan Council, No. 20, O. U. A. M., will hold their annual supper and dance next Tuesday night in Mohegan Hall. The Athletic Orchestra will furnish the music for the evening.

HOLDING UP THE PUBLIC

When a city wants a certain piece of land for a schoolhouse, park or other purpose, the owners of the same often get enlarged ideas of its value. They feel that the community will pay a high price rather than take some other property, and that the additional cost will be so divided up that the taxpayers will never notice it.

Other persons when such a proposition comes up, are so anxious to help on the cause of civic improvement, that they will gladly turn over any private property that is wanted, for what it cost them.

When it comes to getting up any public enterprise, some people will charge a handsome profit on supplies, or a big price for services. Others will freely give their time, and work twice as hard as they would for their own business.

In a town where individuals are eager to make money at the expense of the community, public improvements cost high. It becomes less possible to get things done, because a constant burden of taxation has to be borne for betterments of the past. Public spirit is chilled by the spectacle of citizens whose first thought is personal enrichment.

In a community where people are willing to sink immediate advantage to help on public causes, a greater rate of progress is possible. A fine example of public spirit has been set, and now improvements are constantly being added. This creates civic enthusiasm and people emulate each other in cooperation. With this feeling dominant, mountains of difficulty roll away, and things that would seem impossible elsewhere prove perfectly within reach.

THE GOOD ROADS MONEY

Highway construction projects totalling \$660,000,000 are to be taken up by the several states this season. The total of projects for the next five years is said to reach \$3,000,000,000. This liberal expenditure shows a progressive and far-sighted spirit.

When such large sums are to be spent, many people look for personal profit in it. Personal and political pulls will be worked to get slices of this money. The way a lot of the war funds went, shows how the vultures gather round.

The State Highway Departments are usually in the hands of technical men, who do not look at public work as a political proposition. They will find that with all this money to spend, they will have lots of friends who want to get next to them. It will take all their ability to keep the thing on a strict business basis.

AN UNTHINKABLE TRAGEDY

Some calamities are so terrible that it is difficult to realize them. On this kind is the impending tragedy in Europe, where 3,500,000 little children are on the point of starvation. The horrors of the war pale before this sickening tragedy.
That this multitude of innocent little creatures, who have all life before them and have deserved nothing but kindness from all the world, should be snuffed out of existence for lack of food and warm clothing, seems unthinkable. It is impossible to believe that all the comfortable and prosperous people of America will keep on enjoying their luxuries while doing nothing for these shivering and famished little ones who are about to perish.

THEN AND NOW

Up to a few years ago the members of the General Assembly received for their pay the munificent stipend of one dollar a day, and mileage once a session. Now they receive \$5.00 a day, and mileage daily. Then the pay of the members from Newport for their winter's work as State lawmakers was from \$75.00 to \$100.00 each. Now the members receive something over \$700.00 each and the pay of the members from all other parts of the State has been increased in like proportions. The expense of the sessions of the General Assembly is fully seven times as much as it was previous to 1900.

At a hearing a few days ago before the Fuel administration in Washington, it was brought out that the mining of coal and delivering it to the government cost \$3.25 a ton. Yet the government paid \$9.75 for it, while the ordinary consumer paid anywhere from \$18 to \$20 a ton. This looks very much like profiteering on the part of somebody.

New Fossil Beds Discovered.

What is pronounced by scientists as one of the most perfect fossil beds in the United States in respect to preservation, has been uncovered in the mountains near Kemmerer, Wyo. The fossils are those of fish bodies and represent more than a dozen distinct types, several of which, it is said, have been hitherto unknown to the scientific world. The entire bodies, in several cases, are intact, and the bones and tissues, usually obliterated, are clearly definable.

Most Crowded City.

The most densely populated city in the world is not New York or London, Canton or Peking, but Bombay. In proportion to its population Bombay covers very little ground. Within each square kilometer of its area live no fewer than 190,000 human beings.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankee Land

Arthur Lord of Plymouth, Mass., was elected president and Senator Lodge one of the vice-presidents at the annual meeting of the Pilgrim Society.

Greater Boston's oldest resident is dead, Harry Brozansky, 106 years, for many years a well known tailor of Hoxbury, died at a home for aged Jewish men in Dorchester.

Peas for dental services will be advanced fully 25 per cent. under a schedule adopted by the Portland, Me., Dental Society. The fee for extracting a tooth will be increased from \$2 to \$3.

B. W. Frieble, a real mule, and Cora Crocker, deaf and blind, are spending their honeymoon at Pittsfield, Mass., following their marriage by Rev. A. Z. Conrad in Park St. Congregational Church, Boston.

Gov. and Mrs. Milliken of Maine, upon their retirement from official life, have been presented remembrances by the occupants of the State House. The Governor received a gold wrist watch and Mrs. Milliken a platinum wrist watch.

The academic exploits of the "boy wonder" at Harvard and Columbia and no parallel at Wellesley College. Girl prodigies are barred. Sixteen, the authorities have decided, is about as young as a girl should be before seeking a higher education.

Damages estimated at \$160,000 was caused by a fire which originated on the wharf of the Consumers' Fuel company, Belfast, Me., and spread to the adjoining wharf, on which is located the pulpwood discharging plant of the Polacek Paper company.

John Sullivan of Cambridge, Mass., was fined \$16 in the Cambridge District Court for cutting three inches from the end of his dog's tail with a jackknife. He paid. The case was prosecuted for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A vote by the church society and members of the parish of the High Street Congregational Church, Portland, Maine, to unite with the State Street Society is the essential step which will terminate the career of this society, which was organized in 1830.

William E. Wall of Somerville, Mass., past international president of the Society of Master House Painters and Decorators, urged women to take up "paperhanging" and other "lighter forms of decorative work" at the session of the Massachusetts society's convention.

H. P. Hinkley of the Hampden County Improvement League was chosen president of the Massachusetts Farm Bureau Federation, after that organization had been created by representatives of 80 county farm bureaus in conference at the State House, Boston.

The House committee on appropriations, in refusing to include in the sundry civil appropriation bill an appropriation of \$50,000,000, recommended by the war department for additional housing for the army, blocked plans to spend \$3,944,000 on Camp Devens, Mass.

Howard Terry, 10, of Grand Isle, Vt., accidentally shot and killed himself while playing with his father's shotgun in the absence of other members of the family. His 14-year-old brother heard the shot and found the younger boy dead on the floor, the shot entering his breast below the neck.

Following the submission of his annual report in which it is disclosed that he collected more than \$13,000 in non support cases, Probation Officer Dennis J. Keilher of the East Boston Court is being complimented, highly by citizens. The report is particularly gratifying to Judge Barnes because of the fact that no commitments to the House of Correction or jail were made during the year.

Some interesting comparisons on the relative importance of the pulp and paper industry and the saw mills of the State are to be found in the report of the Maine State assessors, which has just been made public, and which serves to dispel the idea that has been gaining ground that the pulp mills are using up practically all of the timber consumed in the State with the saw mills a very poor second. The report shows that there are 449 saw mills in the State.

Gov. Percival W. Clement of Vermont in his retiring address to the Legislature declared that the curriculum established in high schools tends to educate children beyond what is necessary to develop them into good and intelligent citizens and questioned the advisability of such training on the part of the State. He said that one of the fundamental difficulties with the whole matter of education was the inadequacy of salaries paid to teachers in rural and elementary schools. He urged generous and whole-hearted measures for the training of teachers and advocated extensive improvement in rural schools.

The New England Holstein-Friesian Club, at the State House, Boston, took steps to reorganize and informally voted its approval of a new constitution which will embody a change of name, the employment of a field secretary and a number of other provisions for promoting the breeding of this kind of cattle and advancing the prosperity of their owners. Judge Frederick M. Peasely of Cheshire, Ct., was chosen president, Prof. T. E. Elder of the Mount Hermon school rearing secretary and Leslie E. McIntyre of Waterford, Me. treasurer.

MISS JULIA EMORY

Raising Funds for a Memorial to Miss Anthony.



Miss Julia Emory of the National Woman's Party, arrested eighty-four times for her suffrage demonstrations, announces that she will head a band of suffrage pickets to raise funds to place a memorial statue of Susan B. Anthony, first suffragist arrested for her principles in America, in the rotunda of the capitol.

IDLE BRITISH COMPEL TOWN TO FEED THEM

Police, Awed by "Direct Action" Threat, Induce Council to Double Taxes.

London. — Growing seriousness of the unemployment problem in Great Britain was emphasized by the action of the unemployed in the city of Norwich in availing themselves of the provisions of the existing poor law and demanding support from the local "guardians." These are the officials who administer relief to the needy, charging the cost upon local taxes.

The "guardians" recently decided not to increase the scale of relief work in Norwich on the ground that the taxpayers were unable to afford it, but the chief of police notified them he had received a communication to the effect that, if help were not granted the unemployed had determined to use "direct action." He declared the police did not desire any disturbance of public order, and, under this threat, the "guardians" yielded and doubled the taxes applicable to feeding the poor. In doing so, the chairman of the "guardians" remarked it was the first time in the history of the city that the police had been overawed by threats from the unemployed.

This burden thus placed upon the taxpayers has caused dismay, and the effect of the new order can be estimated from the fact that the additional taxes, added to the already high rates in force for all purposes, will result in a householder paying an annual rent of £100, paying more than £72 in taxes.

The people of Norwich declare it is impossible for them to pay such taxes, as trade is stagnant, and even those regularly employed have difficulty in making ends meet.

The action of the unemployed at Norwich accords with advice persistently given by labor leaders and followed at many places, though with less serious result than in Norwich. The Daily Herald, which is the mouthpiece of labor, says, relative to the situation:

"There is no alternative. The unemployed are determined not to starve, and they have proved that, in the poor law, they have a weapon to enforce justice. The increased taxes will be disastrous to thousands of people, but will compel the adoption of radical measures at Norwich, which has shown the way to workers all over the country."

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

MARION, Ohio. — A. T. Hert of Kentucky will certainly be in the Harding cabinet. Mr. Harding himself gave this information to visitors who were urging the appointment of James A. Fowler of Knoxville, Tenn., as attorney general.

LONDON. — Crown forces have taken all precautions against an attack on Dublin as a result of the destruction of bridges and the blocking of roads around the Irish capital.

SOUTH BEND, Ind. — The Oliver Chilled Plough Works made a cut in the price of all horse drawn implements of from 8 to 20 per cent.

CHICAGO. — The number of cases of insanity from alcoholism has increased in the Cook County Psychopathic Hospital since prohibition went into effect, according to the quarterly report.

MARION, O. — President-elect Harding resigned as United States Senator from Ohio, forwarding his letter of resignation to Columbus for the action of Governor Harry L. Davis, who will appoint his successor.

PHILADELPHIA. — Dr. Francis X. Dercum, the neurologist, upon his return from Washington, said that he had found President Wilson "greatly improved."

Three elephants, Albert, Babe and Queenie, were pressed into service to save several trains of cars from destruction by fire at the winter quarters of Ringling Brothers' circus in Bridgeport, Conn. The big animals methodically pushed the trains out of danger and then quietly returned to their quarters.

CHARGES PLOT TO END CLOSED SHOP

Union Declares Repair Work Is Let Outside to "Milk" Public and Lay Off Workers.

\$565,000,000 INVOLVED

32,000 Discharged, It Says, and Holds Plan Is to Take Them Back as "Individuals"—Also Accuses the U. S. Steel and Morgans

Washington. — The International Association of Machinists, an organization with a membership of about four hundred thousand, has started a campaign against certain railroad interests, which are charged with attempting, in collusion with J. P. Morgan & Co., the United States Steel Corporation and other financial and industrial institutions, to disrupt union labor and bring about conditions that will favor big business to the detriment of the working men.

There has been trouble brewing for some time and certain leaders of organized labor have alleged that industries were laying off men with a double purpose, which included an assault upon the power of labor organizations. A petition filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by W. Jett Lauck, a former secretary of the War Labor Board, in behalf of William H. Johnston, president of the machinists' organization, was made public here and is said to foreshadow a determined effort on the part of the workers to get their charges aired before the public.

The petition, in effect, alleges that certain railroads are closing their own repair shops, throwing thousands of machinists and other employees out of work, and are giving their locomotive and freight car repair work to large private equipment companies, at a cost sometimes three and four times in excess of the sum at which the work could have been done in their own shops. The amount involved is alleged to be \$565,000,000 annually.

Records show, it is held, that as many as 32,000 men have been laid off at railroad shops only to find that they face far different conditions when seeking employment at the shops of private corporations. In some instances it is alleged by union leaders that these workers are employed only if they surrender their union cards. In the shops of the railroads the workers have certain protection and rights under the Transportation act, legislation which does not cover private shops.

It is held further that the railroads or "certain large banking groups which control the railroads," are frequently interested in these private equipment companies in such a manner that they are not controlled by the Clayton act.

The machinists ask the Interstate Commerce Commission to stop the practice and make the railroads show why they cannot keep their shops open and do their own work. It is accepted by the machinists that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction in regard to disputes between labor and capital, but in this instance it is held that funds which are paid by the public are being used through the carriers to fight organized labor and that under such circumstances it is a matter for official investigation.

The general charge that there is a widespread movement by certain financial and industrial interests to destroy organized labor is developed in the petition, the alleged action of the railroads being cited as an instance in the larger plot.

The union interests have been seeking means by which to bring their case before the Interstate Commerce Commission and the public since Congress adopted the proposed amendment to the Clayton act extending for one year the right of railroads to have repair work done in private shops in which its officials were interested. President Wilson vetoed the resolution but it is held that the abuses complained of are still possible and are being practiced.

100-YEAR CENSUS DATA BURNS.

Figures From Every Enumeration Since 1790 Destroyed.

Washington. — Priceless census records dating back to 1790, when the first enumeration of the United States was taken, were destroyed in a fire of undetermined origin at the Department of Commerce. The records included figures from every census up to the present one.

Officials said that it was probably the most disastrous loss of records the government had ever sustained.

INQUIRY ON BALLOON FLIGHT.

Searching but Not Unfriendly Investigation to Be Made.

Washington. — Secretary of the Navy Daniels said that a naval court of inquiry would be convened to investigate the circumstances connected with the loss of the naval balloon which carried Lieutenants Louis A. Kloor, Walter Hight and Stephen Farrell from the Rockaway Naval Air Station into the isolated wilderness of the Hudson Bay country. The men found their way back to civilization.

The success of Teopitl J. Varbell in inducing residents of Massachusetts to invest \$15,000 in an alleged scheme for operating 300 taxicabs in Warsaw with the consent of the Polish government resulted in his arrest. He was charged with larceny of the full amount from investors, who believed in the plan.

ABRAHAM SCHNEIDER

Receives Small Fortune but Will "Stick by the Navy."



Though he recently inherited \$500,000 through the death of his uncle, Abraham Schneider, command on the U. S. destroyer Wadsworth, stationed at the Philadelphia navy yard, announced he intended to "stick by the navy."

TOBACCO RAISERS VOTE NO 1921 CROP

Kentucky Action Presages Summer Outbreak of Night Riders Many Oppose Decision.

Lexington, Ky. — It is regarded as probable that Kentucky will experience outbreaks of Night Riders next summer. The reason is that delegates from thirty-five counties of Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee and Indiana voted at a mass convention held at the Lexington Opera House to cut out raising a tobacco crop in 1921.

The action was taken because prices for the 1920 output are so low that hundreds of farmers face bankruptcy. Growers by the acre in every county in Kentucky where tobacco is produced oppose the order for a cutoff, and if they attempt to put out their usual leaf plants in the spring it is feared Night Riders will destroy the plants.

The convention adopted a resolution asking that all sales houses be kept closed until May 1, and that tobacco which has been withdrawn during the last week should be offered then.

Most warehousemen are of the opinion that the crop should be sold now, regardless of the price, as the product is of poor grade. Another mass meeting of leaf producers will be held here which will be addressed by Representative J. Campbell Carrill of Kentucky, who telegraphed that he would come here with a plan which he believes will afford relief. Delegates at once wired their home counties of the cut out order and farmers are preparing to obey or oppose, as the case may be.

Henry Prewitt, circuit judge of the Fifth, Montgomery county district, presided at the meeting. The 2,000 delegates represented more than 100,000 farmers. The convention was orderly in every way.

Governor Morrow arrived in Lexington and issued a call to any tobacco men who desired to confer with him relative to a possible agreement in the situation. He remained at his hotel all day ready to co-operate. He said private suggestions had been made to him for a compromise, but nothing looking toward any agreement had been instituted.

Down Come Overall. New York. — Overall cotton prices were revised by one of the largest manufacturers to a basis of 17 cents for \$2.20 indigos.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Presidential electors chosen in November met in their respective states and cast their votes for President and Vice President, thereby formally electing Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge. The results will be sent to the Secretary of State in Washington and he will inform Congress on February 9 of the count.

President Wilson definitely passed up to the Harding administration the question of further participation in European affairs growing out of the World War, Ambassador Wallace, at Paris, having withdrawn from further participation.

Reports made public by the Department of Labor show that in the last six months of 1920 food, clothing and furniture and furnishings showed a sharp decline in price throughout the United States.

Senator Johnson of California issued a statement forecasting his intention of pushing forward his project for a Federal Presidential primary law, but recognizing the opposition to be met in the effort.

The Pacific fleet is nearing the Panama Canal Zone for its rendezvous with the Atlantic fleet and for target practice.

Miss Sabra B. Dyer of Belfast, Me., against whom complaint of passing forged checks have been made in several New England cities, pleaded guilty to four charges of that nature in the District Court, Lynn, Mass. The amounts were small and restitution was made. She was given a suspended sentence of one year.

HARDING AGAINST INAUGURAL FETE

Declares in Telegram to Knox That Ceremony Should Be of Simplest Kind.

HISTORIC BALL IS BARRED.

Declares He Prefers Simply to Take Oath of Office and Start Work—Parade and Ball Thrown Into Discard at His Request.

Marion, Ohio. — In the interest of national thrift, President-elect Harding requested officials arranging for his inauguration to abandon all plans for an inauguration ceremony.

In a telegram to E. B. McLean, chairman of the Inaugural Committee, at Washington, Harding declared he preferred to simply take the oath of office, deliver a brief address, and then take up the duties of his office. He said it would make his position a very unhappy one if the outlay for an elaborate inaugural created the impression of extravagance.

At the same time the President-elect telegraphed Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, in charge of the congressional end of the plans, suggesting that the proposal to erect stands on the Capitol grounds for the event be abandoned. This proposal has been the subject of heated debate in Congress, with some members severely objecting to the use of public funds for such a purpose. Harding's telegram to McLean follows:

"I beg respectfully to suggest to your committee the complete abandonment of all plans for an inaugural celebration.

"Heretofore I have been very reluctant to express my personal views to your committee, because I know of the cherished regard in our national capital for this quadrennial event, and the generosity of the citizens of the district in making provision for it. You were good enough to accept the chairmanship at my request and you and your associates have won my lasting gratitude for the time and labor you have given in preparation.

"However, if it is becoming to express my preference, I wish you and your committee to know that the impression of extravagant expenditure and excessive cost would make me a very unhappy participant. I know full well that the government outlay is relatively small and that the larger expenditure comes from the generous contributions of district citizenship, but it is timely and wholesome to practice the utter denial of public expenditure where there is no real necessity, and it will be a wholesome example of economy and thrift if we save the many, many thousands which the inaugural celebration will call from the private purse of those attending.

"I have sent a message of like purport to the Congressional Committee and expressed the wish that no preparation or outlay of any kind be made. It will be most pleasing to me to be simply sworn in, speak briefly my pledge of faith to the country, and turn at once to the work which will be calling."

The President-elect made his declaration after conference with several of his party leaders, to whom he expressed vigorously his repugnance to any show of extravagance. The need for national economy is one of which he has spoken many times publicly, and the criticism in Congress over proposed appropriations for the inauguration has made a deep impression on his mind.

Just how far Harding's action actually will curtail the ceremonies is uncertain. It is taken for granted that at least the inaugural ball, which disappeared from inaugural festivities at Woodrow Wilson's instance in 1913, will be one of the features to be definitely ruled out of the 1921 inauguration.

It also is realized, however, that great crowds undoubtedly will flood the capital for the event and some of the President-elect's friends think that some sort of a parade will result inevitably when Harding makes his pilgrimage to the Capitol to take the oath.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES

Also Blackheads On Face, Scratched, Lost Rest.

"I had red pimples all over my face, and also blackheads. They were scattered and I used to get up at night and scratch them. They itched something awful. My face was covered and I was ashamed to go out."

"I had these pimples for about three weeks when I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I used five cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment when I was healed."

(Signed) B. Kaskin, 204 Spring St., Fall River, Mass., May 1, 1919.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consists of Soap, Ointment and Talcum. Prevent distressing skin troubles becoming serious by making Cuticura Soap, and no other, your every-day toilet soap, assisted by little touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then. Always include Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations. It is a refined powder of fascinating fragrance.

Caution: Each Preparation has a full-sized post-card. Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Talcum. Get the full-sized post-card. Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, Cuticura Talcum. Get the full-sized post-card.

The Savings Bank of Newport.

Thames Street

Interest 4 1-2 per cent. per annum
DIVIDEND DAY, JAN. 15, 1921

Deposits made on or before January 15, 1921, commence to draw interest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY

you notice many young men in the ruts of extravagance. They are struggling hard to get out. An account with the Industrial Trust Company helps to eliminate extravagance, establishes the saving habit and leads to success.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Account

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month draws interest from the 1st of that month.

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

MARSH

1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Co. Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

The Rev. George W. Welch, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church of Pittsfield, Mass., is defendant in two suits, aggregating \$11,000, filed in the superior court by Agnes L. Connelly and her husband, Stephen R. Connelly. Mrs. Connelly alleges that on Oct. 25 she was knocked down and dragged by an automobile driven by Fr. Welch.

Thirty-two new industries were established in Worcester, Mass., during 1920, and all are in a flourishing condition with the opening of the new year. Abrasion, grinding, chemicals, awning-making, electrical plants, textile mills, leather goods and several advertising novelty plants are among the lines represented in the thirty-two industries.

Angier L. Goodwin, who took the oath of office as mayor of Melrose, Mass., in his inaugural address scored youths of school age in Melrose for their use of cigarettes. He said it was a matter of great concern to him, and declared that his office would co-operate with the police, parents and school authorities to prevent the illegal sale of tobacco in the city.

The discovery of an epidemic of hog cholera has led to an investigation by Dr. A. J. DePoussol, livestock inspector for Vermont. He will endeavor to locate the carcasses of the infected animals to ascertain if any have been offered for consumption. The disease appeared to have originated from garbage and has spread until it is feared that hogs on a dozen farms are affected.

Almost Paradise on Earth. In the fortunate Bermudas there are no reptiles to alarm; the indigenous small lizard is not even dangerous in appearance, and the green turtle is translatable into delicious soup. Of birds and fish the islands have a splendid store; Bermudians would not starve to death even should the importation of meat from this country cease.

Real Help. It is the easiest thing in the world to turn a poor fellow off when he comes with a big lump in his heart by saying, "Here's a dollar. Go and have a good time with it." And all the time what he needs is a hand under his elbow and a lift over the road that is stony.

On Solid Foundation. Certain world-old principles are the basis of every form of representative government, and each succeeding era but proves the soundness of those fundamentals. The clock may strike thirteen, but this is no proof of anything other than that it is in need of repair.—Exchange.

True Efficiency. Efficiency is a matter of the head as well as of the hands. It can never be a purely mechanical virtue, for true efficiency has its origin in careful thought. The man who forms the habit of using his brain is never in danger of becoming a mere machine.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

By THOMAS HUGHES

Condensation by William Fenwick Harris



Thomas Hughes was born Oct. 20, 1822, at Warrington, Lancashire, England. His father sent Tom to Rugby to be under the charge of Dr. Arnold, the doctor and the father had been fellow students at Oxford college, Oxford. Both school and master were made known by the book, "Tom Brown's School Days." Tom Hughes must have been very much the same sort of schoolboy as the hero of the story, but in fact George, his brother, was the original of Tom, as Dean Stanley was the original of Arthur.

Thomas Hughes followed in his father's footsteps at Oxford, he was later called to the bar, and eventually was appointed a county court judge.

His life was one of true service to humanity; Frederick Maurice was the great influence that worked upon him, and he was of the group, along with Charles Kingsley, who devoted themselves to the cause of the Workmen's College. He sat in parliament, always a devoted friend of his friends, the workmen; he held his head at an idealistic colony, called Rugby in Tennessee; he was a frequent visitor to America, and was a great friend and admirer of James Russell Lowell, whose influence over him is shown in the frequent quotations in his books. His other volumes included a sequel to "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Tetiglo Lati," and his "Memoirs of a Brother." But he will always be remembered as the sane and great-hearted author who has understood something of the soul of a schoolboy, and who has written the greatest book in English of the schoolboy's life.

"JUST as Tom was swallowing his last mouthful (three o'clock in the morning), winding his comforter round his throat, and his coat the ends into the breast of his tucking, the horn sounds. Boots look in and says: 'Hallo, sir, and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.'

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind and snapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby," answers a hostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says the guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting the parcels in; after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now, there, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father—my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. "Toot, toot, toot! the hostlers let go their heads, the four boys plunge at the collar, and away goes the tally-ho into the darkness, 45 seconds from the time they had pulled up."

So Tom Brown started to begin his school days at Rugby when William IV sat upon the throne. Squire Brown had meditated something as follows the night before: "Shall I tell him to mind his work and to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate not for that mainly. I don't care, 'straw' for 'grain' parties, or the diploma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want." Upon this view of the case he framed his last words to Tom. "And now, Tom, my boy, remember you are going at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps." (Tom was nine.) "If schools are what they were in my time you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen, or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

Tom's father was a great asset to the boy. For though he belonged to what is called the upper middle class, the opinion which the squire leveled to propound above all others was the belief that a man is to be valued wholly for that which he is in himself, for that which stands up in the four thick walls of him, apart from clothes, rank, fortune, and all externals whatsoever. He held further that it didn't matter a straw whether his son associated with lords' sons or plowmen's sons, provided they were brave and honest. So Tom had a merry and right democratic time with the boys of the village, and learned much that stood him in good stead when he got to Rugby, in good things to value man or boy wholly for what was in him, whether it was Harry Whitburn, the quickest and best boy in the parish, who taught him the turns and holds which later carried him through his great fight with the bully of Rugby; or poor Jacob Doodle-calf (as the boys nicknamed him), in whose hands everything came to pieces and in whose head nothing would stick, or Job Rudkin, whose scandalized mother demanded on the occasion of a visit from Madam Brown: "Job, Job, where's thy cap?"

"What! Beant's on a head,

mother?" replied Job, slowly extricating one hand from a pocket and feeling for the article in question; which he found on his head and left there, to his mother's horror and Tom's great delight.

Rugby was a new world for Tom. He was a sturdy, and combative urbin, able to fend for himself on his own head; yet it was a great boon for him that he fell into the hands of a boy of his own age, but a bit ahead of him at Rugby. The first sight he encountered on his arrival was a lordly crowd of youngsters who looked quite as if they owned the place. One of these young heroes ran out from the rest and greeted Tom, "I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment, glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, Miss Thought; so you know my aunt, I thought she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to study, and asked me to give you a lift. You see," said his friend, as they strolled up toward the school gates, "a great deal depends on how a fellow gets up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straight-forward and holds his head up, he gets on. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half a boy this half, and perhaps'll double it next if I keep in her good books."

Thus began a friendship which lasted through all their school days and meant much to both of them. Friendship and loyalty and good sportsmanship are great features in this book, which shows an insight into the brain and heart of a boy which is just as wise in the year of our Lord 1920 as it was in the days of William IV. Tom and East were together in games, in mischief, in fights, in good deeds, or in devilry, as they were in ingenious venting methods of working out the mysteries of the Greek and Latin languages. And years later, when the wise Doctor Arnold of Rugby decided that Tom was headed toward destruction, it was by means of friendship for a weaker boy who needed his protection that he rescued him. What was the marvel of the doctor's power over boys? We couldn't enter later half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope and love needed to that end. But we listened, as all boys in their better moods will listen (aye, and men, too, for the matter of that), to a man whom they felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinking below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling us to help him and ourselves and one another. And so, wearily and little by little, was brought home to the young boy, for the first time, the meaning of his life: that it was no fool's or squire's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators; but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them showed them at the same time, by every word he spoke, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood before them their fellow-soldier and the captain of their guard. The true sort of captain, too, for a boy's army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and let who would yield or make a truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood.

And so Tom lived his life from the first green days to the last memorable night, when he was "chained" round the quadrangle by the eleven, shouting in chorus: "For he's a jolly, good fellow," himself as great a boy as all the rest, despite the passage of the years and his dignity of captain. It is a story of humanness, with all its good points and its frailties, but especially of loyalty and of friendship; of games, as much like our own in spirit, and yet so different in details; of East and Arthur, of the brutalities of the old flogging system, the school bully and Tom's classic fight with him, of the final war of independence against what was mean and sordid.

"I want to leave behind me," said Tom, speaking low, the name of a fellow who never bullied a little boy or turned his back on a big one. And then, I would sooner have the doctor's good opinion of me as I really am than any man's in the world."

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Her Inclination.

"How about your poem, Vanessa?" The editor returned it with regrets.

"Regrets?"

"Yes; with so many regrets that I feel tempted to send it to him again."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dog Hero of Sea Disaster.

Last December when the steamer Elthe ran ashore on the coast of Newfoundland with ninety-two passengers, including a new-born infant, in immediate danger of death in the heavy sea, Redben Decker of Bonne Bay, called his dog and, putting the end of a rope in his mouth, started him to swim to the wrecked ship. The dog, holding the rope fast, plunged into the heavy sea, and after struggling for more than an hour reached the steamer. With the line aboard, the passengers were sent ashore in a breeches buoy, the baby being carried in a mull bag. Now the dog has a silver collar, the gift of a number of humane societies of Philadelphia.

OPPORTUNITY FOR SELLING FARM PRODUCTS DIRECT TO CONSUMER



The Automobile Brings City Customers to the Door.

There are approximately 7,600,000 automobiles in the United States and there are almost that many farmers. In this year, when the most expensive crop ever raised by the American farmer seems likely to pile up on his hands for lack of a profitable market, a way is suggested to reduce surplus by attracting automobile trade direct to the farms.

Most city automobile owners drive into the country once a week or more, and every farm located on an automobile road has dozens or hundreds of possible customers for its fruits, vegetables, poultry and eggs passing its gate every day. The war made the market basket popular, and the ordinary automobile owner who keeps house would be perfectly willing to take home a bushel or more of produce if by so doing he could lessen his living expenses.

Stands Along Many Roadways.

Roadside stands for the sale of fruits and vegetables are seen along many highways and frequently have proved profitable. But observation shows that they have not been developed to the full measure of success. One of the principal difficulties is that the autoist does not see the stand until he is abreast of it, after which he must make up his mind and check his machine. Then, in nine cases out of ten, he concludes that there will be another stand farther along and that it is not worth while to turn around and go back. One farmer in Pennsylvania solved this difficulty by placing a series of signs along the entire half-mile front of his farm. These greeted the motorist.

"Fresh Fruit One-Fourth Mile."
"Sweet Cider 60 Rods."
"Fresh Comb Honey 50 Rods."
"Fresh Vegetables 40 Rods."
"Fresh Eggs 20 Rods."

The motorist's eye thus was attracted and he had time to make up his mind, and in a large number of instances stopped and made a purchase. The signs were inexpensive and yielded a large profit.

There are many motorists who travel

over the same route time after time. The farmer learns to recognize them. Children especially nowadays learn to know aspects of automobiles at sight and can pick out those which frequently pass. One effective way of catching the motor trade is to note the license numbers, look them up at the city hall or police station on some trip to town, and then drop them postal cards calling attention to the advantage of carrying home a bushel of this and that product on their next trip. This form of appeal is more effective if the farm has a distinctive name, as a constantly increasing number of farms have. One thing essential to building up even a transient trade in farm products is that the prices shall be reasonable, preferably a shade below city market prices, and that the goods shall be of honest quality. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the latter feature. There is, of course, a temptation to reason that the same customer will not come back again, but this is likely not to be so, and even if it is, there is a broad freemasonry among motorists, and the word quickly spreads that one of the number has been cheated, whether it be by a garage, repair man, hotel or dealer, city or country.

Fair Dealing, Pays Best.

The farmer has to market his produce somewhere. If he takes it to the city, it will be carefully inspected for quality and the price will be regulated by supply and demand. If he will place his product in such position as to attract and arrest the passing motorist and then make the price and quality such that the motorist wants to come that way again or tells his friends to stop, he is on his way to a business that may be made season long and highly profitable. If the farmer keeps on hand a supply of suitable bags or packages in which to handle his products, it will mean many a sale which otherwise would be lost because the autoist would often not be prepared to handle the things he would like to buy. This idea is capable of adaptations that will suggest themselves.

SPREAD OF CORN ROT CAUSED BIG DAMAGE

Loss in 1919 Is Estimated at 125,175,000 Bushels.

Diseases Can Be Controlled According to Bulletin Issued by Department of Agriculture—Carefully Select Seed Ears.

Corn root, stalk, and ear rots are widely distributed in this country wherever corn is grown, and have caused heavy losses. The 1919 loss is estimated at 125,175,000 bushels, or 4 per cent of the total crop. Preventive measures are recommended in a recent bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture—Farmers' Bulletin 1178. These diseases are caused by several organisms and probably by some other contributing factors.

Investigations now in progress clearly indicate that these corn rots can be controlled. Farmers are advised to select well-matured seed from healthy plants. Avoid all leaning or broken plants and all broken ear shanks, even though the ears look healthy. Select about five times as many ears as are necessary to allow for discarding later all those ears found to be diseased. Cure and store the ears in a dry, well-ventilated place. After the ears are thoroughly dry, discard all that have too rough denting or that show discolored, pink, cracked, or shrunken shank attachments, or with moldy, discolored, or starchy kernels.

Make germinator tests of ten representative kernels from each seed ear selected. Keep for seed only those ears represented in the germinator by ten healthy seedlings, cutting open the kernels to make sure they are not rotted, even if the sprout appears to be healthy. Discard butt and tip kernels. Then shell each ear separately by hand. In shelling discard any ears with kernels that are starchy, moldy, or dull in color.

Ancient Popular Pastime.

The Chinese have played ball in various ways from times of remote antiquity. For centuries games of ball have been known and played in Japan, Ethiopia and East Indian traditions refer to games with balls played many centuries ago.

BEGIN WITH POPULAR BREED

Not Wise for Beginner to Experiment With So-Called New or Untried Kind of Fowl.

Unless imbued with the true fanner spirit, beginners in poultry culture had better not enter their aviaries with a so-called "new" or non-popular breed. As a general rule, sales of stock in this class are always limited, hence to build up a trade, at best a slow process. There will also be lacking a fellowship between neighbors breeding the kind of poultry, and there will be less interest manifested. Better begin with a popular breed, for which there is an established demand, and one that possesses commercial importance, either for eggs or meat, or both.

HIGHER PRICES FOR GOOBER

Co-Operative Marketing Saved Alabama Farmers \$30 to \$37.50 Per Ton on Peanuts.

One of the functions of the county agent under the co-operative extension system carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture and the state colleges of agriculture is to devise new channels for marketing stock and produce. In Barham county, Alabama, mill prices on peanuts were lower than the farmers deemed profitable. Through the efforts of the county agent, 23 carloads, 460 tons, were sold to the confectionery trade at an advance of \$17.250 over the mill prices. Co-operative marketing saved the farmers from \$30 to \$37.50 a ton.

Radio Control for Airplanes

There can be doubt that if the war had lasted a few months longer we would have witnessed the leading armies employing great fleets of airplanes controlled by radio means. The United States army had progressed pretty far along this line when the armistice was declared. The same can be said for Germany. Now we learn that the French have demonstrated that five or six small and inexpensive bombing planes, without pilot, can be successfully guided by a "shepherd" in a larger plane through the means of Hertzian waves.—Scientific American.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

COMMON SUPERSTITIONS ATTAINED THEIR VOGUE.—Many superstitions are supposed to have originated from theories based on the workings of the subconscious mind, or some deductions arrived at by observing old sages who knew how to put two and two together.

Giving a knife to a friend, says the philosopher, was considered a likely way to break off a friendship because it denoted some subconscious but sinister thought on the part of the giver.

He doped out the bad luck that was supposed to follow a fellow who walked under a ladder in this wise: If a fellow is so lazy he takes the chance of going around a ladder instead of meeting with an accident before long.

Picking up a pin, he says, is a thrifty habit, and the man who picks it up is both saving and observant, and so likely to have success in whatever he does.

As for the innocent \$2 bill, it got its reputation when some careless shopper first handed it out by mistake for a \$1 bill, and didn't get the right change. And the poor \$2 bill, that really is as nice as any of the Long Green family, has been regarded with a cold and suspicious eye.

The bride who drops her ring shows she is either careless or indifferent to her husband, says the philosopher, so can you wonder that their married life isn't going to be smooth?

And here the dusty old hand-out of information leaves us with something to think about.

"The custom of the wedding ring, now that we are on the subject," he tells us with his direct snuff, "dates back to the savage tribes. This, one of our most respected customs, had its origin, too, in one of the earliest superstitious rites."

PROVED HUNGER BEST SAUCE

How English King Restored Appetite to High Liver, and Incidentally Collected a Fel.

King Henry VIII liked to stroll about in disguise, and on one of these wandering excursions came to the abbey of Reading, where he declared himself a member of the king's guard, and asked for food. He was served with the best the monks had, and among the dishes was a great roast of beef which the royal visitor attacked with gusto and ate until the abbot blinked in wonder.

"I'd give a hundred pounds," he cried, "could I eat like that instead of nibbling at a chicken wing. My stomach is a-squeal."

The king departed without identifying himself to the monks, and the very next day the abbot was taken to the Tower and locked in a cell with naught but a bit of bread and water. Several days passed, and then the guards appeared, with the information that the abbot was to be freed, and he was conducted to a room where a roast beef was sitting on a table. He was almost starved from his long dieting and he swallowed the last bit of the smoking roast. Out jumped Henry from behind a curtain. "Ah, ha," cried the king, "I've cured you, and now down with my hundred pounds or back you go to the Tower." The money was paid and the abbot departed rejoicing.

How Poinsettias Are Forced.

To get poinsettias ready for the market by Christmas is a problem that has worried florists ever since the bright red flowerlike leaves of this beautiful plant took their place as a favorite holiday decoration.

The problem has been reduced to a practical solution through the work of Dr. W. W. Garner, tobacco specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, who discovered the possibility of advancing or retarding the growth of plants by controlling the period of light each day. Where the light period is shortened the plants reach maturity much sooner than where they are given the natural length of day. In the greenhouses on the department's experimental farm at Arlington, Va., it has been found possible to bring poinsettias into full form as early as August by shortening the daily exposure to light.

How to Prevent Windows Steaming.

This may be prevented either by putting something on the glass to which the water vapor will not adhere, by improving the ventilation or by heating the air near the window so that the steam does not condense on the window. A solution of glycerine in alcohol rubbed over the window on the inside is said to prevent steaming and freezing, while ammonia and various acids are also used in the same way. A double sash on the window is the best preventive in cold weather.

How to Tell Bark of Fox.

The bark of the gray fox can readily be distinguished from that of the red one, being more hoarse, fainter and thinner, says the American Forestry Magazine. It is heard principally in the spring during the mating season.

"French Leave."

Many authorities believe that the term "French leave" originated in a French custom in the eighteenth century of withdrawing from crowded assemblies without taking leave of host or hostess. Others maintain that the word "French" is a corruption of "frank," meaning "free."

WHY The Rummage Sale Is a Worthy Institution

Did you ever attend one? Here on a table is old Brown's clock that he wore to church many years, and now that he's gone it has been sent by his family to the rummage sale to be disposed of for the benefit of the church.

And there on the counter is an old china pug dog that used to guard the mantelpiece in somebody's house. And on a rack hangs the Prince Albert coat that some fellow wore when he was married and which his wife kept as a treasured thing through the years; now she has given it away because the sentiment attached to it finally is dead like last year's leaf.

They are handy institutions, these rummage sales, enabling one, as they do, to give away for good purposes what he no longer needs, or wants or cares for. He holds on to such things a long time and then one day he gets tired of seeing them around and away they go to the rummage sale, the second-hand store and the rag shop.

But the rummage of rubbish and characters most people hold on to and cherish forever, observes the Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette. To their dying day they keep old and worn-out prejudices and fight hard for them. They keep fast to habits, knowing they are bad, but lacking the will or the courage to throw them off.

The next time you gather together your old clothes for the rummage sale and have packed them all in one bundle, suppose you say to yourself: "Let's see, what have I left out? What passions, prejudices and habits are lingering up my mind and character?"

You will not be able to get rid of this rummage as easily as you can dispose of your old clothes, but once having taken stock of it you will know yourself better. The first step to self-improvement is to become acquainted with your defects.

EDGAR FIRST ENGLISH KING

Why It Is Incorrect to Give Honor to Egbert, as Some Historians Have Done.

Egbert is frequently, but incorrectly, called the "first king of England." He became king of Wessex, the land of the West Saxons, in 802 A. D., and before he died, in 839 A. D., he had made himself overlord of all the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. He was never, indeed, directly, king of all England, Kent, Sussex, and Essex, governed by rulers of his own family, appointed by himself. Mercia, East Anglia, and Northumberland retained their own kings, ruling under Egbert as their overlord. In this way, to quote the words of John Richard Green, in his "Short History of the English People," "the whole English race in Britain was for the first time knit together under a single ruler. Long and bitter as the struggle for independence was still to be in Mercia and in the north, yet from the moment that Northumbria bowed to its West-Saxon overlord England was made, in fact, if not as yet in name." It was not until the year 950 that Edgar (944-975), became king of a united England.

Why Manners Are Important.

Manners are a pleasant deceit—a conspiracy to rob existence of much of its crudity.

Because of them the elusive element of charm lingers in the world, and gentler natures are encouraged in their robust growth.

A lot of efficient people, though, have discarded manners as so much unnecessary impediments.

Why rise when a lady enters the room? Why appear interested in others' talk? Why ask to be remembered to the people you have hitherto forgotten? Why thank anyone for giving you what you have asked for? There is not much reason or logic behind it all. It is merely that with the finer natures there is an instinctive courtesy that expresses itself in manners.

Just as with so many others there is an instinctive lack of courtesy which finds expression in boorishness. Manners are not useless.

They prevent you from giving thoughtless hurt to others. They make you remain silent when Chopin is being played.

Good manners come from a good heart.—London Express.

Why Birds Are Superior.

"It is true that man makes longer journeys than birds," remarks Frank M. Chapman in his book "The Travel of Birds." "But it also is true he could not make them without help from other men. He might walk where there was land, but he would need days to go as far as a bird could go in an hour. And when he comes to the sea he requires a sailing vessel or steamer, with charts and maps and compass to aid him in finding the way; while in the hold there must be food for the use of the crew and passengers during the voyage."

Why He Admires Beavers.

While beavers have a propensity for aggravating ranchers by building dams that impede the flow of irrigation waters, the forest ranger at the Mink Creek station in the Cache forest claims to have located a colony of beavers philanthropically inclined. "He left his station recently, intending to build a dam to flood a strip of land used for raising hay for the station. Upon his arrival at the pasture he found that this work he intended doing had been accomplished by beavers."—Ogden Standard.

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Outside the Door

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Up and down the piano like a water sprite pursued by a tornado dashed the fingers of Marcel Caronni. In his eyes was the wild conquest of music and in his soul all the color and grandeur of a great artist.

Daily Marcel sat at the piano and practiced those wonderful dances that were one day to set the world afire with their flame.

And each day, outside his door crouched a more or less ragged little figure whose haunted eyes were lighted with the glow of expectation and whose hungry little body was not less starved for food than was her soul for music.

The corner of the dark hall on the top floor of the rooming house permitted her to crouch with her tousled head as near as possible and drink in the wild music undisturbed.

She was a drab little bundle. Her clothes, her life and all there was to her seemed drab—all but her eyes, and in them was an intensity of inspiration and slow-burning fire.

Tossed about relentlessly by the winds of fate and being of not sufficient strength of her own to buffet successfully, Doris Vahiel lingered on the mediocre doorstep of life a being, only half conscious of her own powers and striving with a pitiful maintenance to keep body and soul together by dancing in fifth-rate restaurants.

And Marcel Caronni made music in his top floor, scantily furnished room, that flung the soul of Doris into a wild passion of expression.

She seemed suddenly born of the wind and clouds; her feet light as a fawn, her movements gentle as the moths that hung in the fragrance of a moonlit garden.

Marcel played on, quite unconscious that any human being was within miles of him. He was in a world of his own making and breathing deeply the in-



Seemed But a Bit of Rose Petal.

toxicating air of creative moments. His world was spinning, tossing, tumbling and clinging again to heights unknown to any save the great artists of life. And Marcel knew that a bit of human driftwood had been lodged against his door he undoubtedly would have failed to complete his great masterpiece, for Marcel was above all a compassionate human being. His emotions would have been torn to shreds and left jagged and worn at sight of Doris in her present drab state. However, he was unconscious of her very existence and carried his masterpiece to a glorious and triumphant finale.

The strains buried themselves in the brain of Doris, and while her body lay inert her soul was swishing about in a glory of sound and her senses were registering every movement, so that at a later day her body would again produce them in a dance of utmost perfection of expression.

So intense was her strain that from sheer fatigue of the brain she must have dropped into an exhausted sleep. Marcel, dashing out toward dusk, for a bite of food wherewith to keep his soul and body together, stumbled over the drab heap of humanity at his door. So startled was Marcel that for a moment he failed to realize that the thing which his feet had all but kicked was a bit of the feminine world. With arms gentle as those of a woman Marcel lifted the slight bundle and carried it within his scantily furnished room. Once there he deposited the girl in the one chair in his possession. She opened wide her eyes. They

rested with wonderful light in their depths full on Marcel. The gleed with relief, for he had not known what to expect from that inert heap.

"I must have fallen asleep at your door," Doris said slowly; "the music was so heavenly—so beyond anything I have ever heard—that I—well, I think my senses were quite drugged by its beauty."

It was Marcel's turn to open wide his eyes. This was no mere flattery. It was a soul's appreciation expressing itself more through glowing, brilliant eyes and vibrant little body than by mere spoken praise.

"I could bring the world to my feet if I could but dance to your music," Doris continued rapturously. There was no touch of personal interest attached to her words. There was just a tremendous desire to express the greatest and best in the art of dancing. "If you would only play again some time so that I may dance the story I conceived to-day—I would be so happy."

Marcel smiled eagerly. "Now—if you like," he said, his eyes reflecting the enthusiasm in her own. It all seemed very natural that genius should meet genius in this unconventional but positive manner, and a moment later Marcel was seated again at his piano. The drab little figure leaped forward almost as soon as the first notes filtered away from Marcel's inspired fingers.

Doris then seemed but a bit of rose petal flung ruthlessly about by an all-powerful wind. Light as a feather she was hurried relentlessly across the rule floor but with a grace and beauty that quite took the breath from Marcel's excited lungs. Never had he imagined his music could be interpreted with so perfect a following of his own conceived idea.

He played his newly composed "Weeping Willow" with its wonderful use of the minor strain and Doris seemed but a bit of drooping willow branch. Her head, her shoulders and her whole body responded to the theme until Marcel could have wept with the sadness of it.

"Girl!" he cried suddenly, for he did not know her name, "we two must work together. With your exquisite interpretation of my music we will wend our way into the art world." He gazed wistfully at Doris as if a slight fear possessed him that she might not feel as he did. But her eyes were blazing with inspiration and enthusiasm which promised well for their future.

"We could begin in the cabaret—where I dance," she suggested quickly. "It will be just a stepping-stone, and we must live—while we progress." Doris smiled softly. "I am very happy—to have fallen asleep at your door."

"And I," said Marcel, with his winning grace, "am happy to have found you there."

They began, as Doris suggested, in the cabaret where Doris danced, but soon wended their way nearer the heart of real art, and before many moons had waned found they were to fill an engagement on the metropolitan stage.

"Marcel," said Doris as she drew near to him before going down for the great engagement, "we have almost reached the top—are you not very happy?"

"Doris," Marcel returned, and in his eyes was a terrible sadness, "I will never reach the top—through music—and I am afraid."

"Not through music—then what?" asked Doris, but in her heart she knew.

"Only through love," Marcel told her.

"And have you tried to reach the top—through love?" queried Doris.

"I am afraid. The public loves you so. You are too wonderful."

"The public is nothing—I am not wonderful at all—if you are not going to reach—if your next composition is not to be of love, and if we are not to make it our greatest expression of art."

Marcel flung his eager arms about her. "We have already reached the very top—dear."

Solitude.

"Give me the flowing river that runs between the pine-clad shores! Give me the babbling brook with its rippling music! And you may have the crowded streams of commerce that rush and toss between the huge piles of granite."

"Give me the twinkling stars—the glow of the silver moon! And a million electric torches that illuminate the great cities are yours."

"Give me the music of the wind-swept trees! And keep your sympathies. Give me the bellowing herd, the crowing cock, the chirp of the new hatched brood! And your Carusos and McCormacks will not be missed."

"Give me the joyous vision of the budding rose that fills the untilled fields, the bluebells by the brook, the cowslip in the marshy bed! And you may have all the forced bloom, the result of man's effort to improve on the works of God.—L. J. Muler in the Utah Chronicle."

There are more than 50 kinds of gulls to be found all over the world. Most of these are marine or sea-dwelling birds, though several species are found near bodies of fresh water, like the Great Lakes and other inland seas. As there are many kinds of gulls, so, too, they have many names, some of which possess real charm and interest. Among them are the arctic gull, the goose gull, the herring or silvery gull, the Iceland gull, the kittiwake, the laughing gull, and the seagulls.

Her Voice Improved.

When Jennie was a child at school and had to read aloud the lessons on the blackboard, the pupils in the benches two or three rows in front of her could hardly hear her. Now Jennie is married and has two small children, and when she takes them to the neighborhood picture show and reads the lines flashed on the screen, it is audible to everybody for six or seven rows in front of her.—Film Fun.

FALL IS BEST TIME TO SELECT SEED CORN FOR USE NEXT YEAR



Stringing the Ears on Twine for Storing.

Early selection of seed corn is of special importance this year, according to specialists of the department of agriculture. Much of the corn crop is at least two weeks late, and early fall frost would cause a repetition of the conditions in 1917, when a large part of the corn crop was frozen and was unfit for seed. The following spring, seed corn was very scarce and high.

Good seed corn is the secret of a good corn crop, and autumn is the time for the selection of corn to be planted the following season. Many farmers put off seed selection until the spring when there is a scarcity of good seed corn. There is danger in this delay every year, but when the corn crop is late, as it is this year, the danger is especially great. Each spring the department of agriculture receives reports from many sections telling of the willingness of farmers to pay good prices for seed corn and their inability to obtain it.

This scarcity could be prevented by selecting the seed when it is most abundant and when the very best can be obtained—at ripening time when it has been in no way reduced in vitality. Many let this opportunity pass, the farmers expecting to purchase their seed corn, only to find that they cannot buy at any price in the winter or spring as good seed as they could have selected in the autumn.

Requirements for Seed.

Until a community has its experienced and honest corn breeder, the best place for the farmer to obtain seed corn is from fields on his own farm or in his neighborhood that were planted with a variety that has generally proved most successful in that locality. By far too many farmers consider seed good simply because it will grow. To be first-class, seed corn must be—

Well adapted to the seasonal and soil conditions where it is to be planted.

From well-grown productive plants of a productive variety.

Well matured and preserved from ripening time to planting time in a manner that will retain its full productivity.

The importance of these requirements has been demonstrated through experiments by the office of corn investigations, bureau of plant industry, United States department of agriculture, and the results given in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1175, recently published by that department.

At corn-ripening time, specialists of the department advise, drop all other business and select an abundance of seed corn. The process is too important to be conducted incidentally while husking. Seed corn should be selected from stalks standing where they grew. In this way the seed corn can be obtained from—

Stalks that have no inherent tendency to yield well, as shown by their superiority over surrounding stalks that grew under similar conditions. Such seed inherits high-producing power.

Stalks without suckers. Such seed produces fewer suckers than seed from sucker-bearing stalks.

Storm-proof stalks with ears at a desirable height.

Stalks that are free from disease. Among the best methods for the control of several important corn diseases, including the ear and stalk rot, is the selection of seed corn from disease-free stalks. The selection of disease-free seed corn is discussed in Farmers' Bulletin No. 1176, entitled "The Control of Corn Root, Stalk, and Ear Rot Diseases."

Husk Ears From Stalks.

As soon as the corn matures, the farmer should go through his field with a seed-picking bag and husk the ears from the stalks that have produced the most corn without having any special advantages, such as space, moisture or fertility. Avoid the large ears on stalks standing singly with an unusual amount of space around them. Preference should be given the plants that have produced most heavily in competition with a full stand of less-productive plants. In all localities the inherent tendency of the plant to produce heavily of sound, dry, shelled corn is of most importance.

Late-maturing plants with ears that are heavy because of the excessive amount of sap should be ignored. Sapiness greatly increases the harvest.

A Dream.

A Boston banker says we are an extravagant nation. In this he makes no reference to us personally. One of our fondest ambitions is some day to be able to have enough gathered together so that we can go out and try what it is like to be extravagant.—Detroit Free Press.

size and weight, and is apt to destroy the quality. In central and southern states, all other things being equal, short, thick stalks are preferable. Short stalks are not so easily blown down and permit thicker planting. Thick stalks are not so easily broken down, and in general are more productive than slender ones.

Safe Way for Storing.

The same day seed corn is gathered the husked ears should be put in a dry place where there is free circulation of air, and placed in such a manner that the ears do not touch each other. This is the only safe procedure. If left in the husk long after ripening, it may sprout or mildew during warm, dry weather, or become infested with weevils or grain moths, or their eggs.

There are various ways in which seed corn can be prepared for drying. The ears may be hung on strings of binder twine or cord. Wire racks may also be used. The farmer, however, may exercise his own ingenuity as to what method he will use, but should be certain that the corn is stored in a place where it will not be exposed to damp atmosphere or rats or other destructive pests.

Detailed information as to selecting the seed corn and storing it are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1175, which may be had upon request of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

FARMERS MUST MAKE USE OF BY-PRODUCTS

Increase Costs Compel Elimination of All Waste.

Corn Stover, Disregarded in Many Cases, Is Valuable Feed for Young Stock, Idle Horses and Cattle During Winter.

With the increasing price of land, feed, and the higher cost of labor, it is becoming necessary that the farmer eliminate, as far as possible, any waste. He must make use of all the by-products of his business much the same as the manufacturer does. Corn is produced in practically every section of the country, primarily for the grain, and frequently the stover is disregarded.

Properly cured stover is relished by live stock, but that which is left in the open during disagreeable weather is far from being palatable or nourishing. Stover protected from the time it is cut in the field is a valuable feed for young stock, idle horses, and cattle that are being carried over the winter on a cheap ration.

The best way to handle corn stover is by means of the shredder. This method makes it possible to get it in the barn before the feeding qualities have been injured by the weather. Enough room should always be reserved in the barn to accommodate a good supply of stover. Hay may be safely stacked out, but it is unsafe to try to stack shredded stover. Care must be taken to give the corn ample time to cure before it is shredded, for it may heat in the mow and become worthless through subsequent molding.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Keep your machinery in good order.

The sorghums are the dry-weather crops.

You feed your live stock—why not feed your soil, too?

Seeds are to be scarce this year. Better get yours early.

Soy beans planted with the corn increase the yield per acre.

Keep a few extra pairs on hand—it saves going to town after them.

Corn-cutting machinery saves time when time is of great importance.

Why the Snort.

We sat in front of them at the theater. It was during the tense minute of the play when the heroine was about to part forever with her sweetheart: "Say," said the woman behind us to her friend: "Do you break many dishes? You know I'm awfully unhappy that one."—Detroit Free Press.

PINK SATIN DRESS

Evening Gown Embroidered With Bugle Beads and Tulle.

Two Straps Are Used Over Each Shoulder to Hold the Gown in Place.

An evening dress is of pink satin embroidered with opaque bugle beads and pink tulle. The short-waisted bodice is of satin with a double edging of tulle at the top. Instead of single straps to hold the gown in place, there are two over each shoulder, both in the front and back. They diverge from each other in oblique lines and fasten to the tulle as well as to the satin part of the bodice. The material used is narrow silver ribbon, studded at intervals with rhinestones. The skirt consists of a narrow foundation of satin and two full-gathered overskirts of tulle, finished at the lower edges with silver cord. The bugle beading is worked on the satin bodice and the foundation skirt in an elaborate scroll pattern. A large rose of a deeper hue than the satin and tulle is placed at one side of the bodice to add the finishing touch.

Brilliant sapphire blue tulle and sequins are used for the development of another evening gown. The rather loose-fitting bodice is cut to give a low waistline, and the skirt, which is carelessly draped around it, is of crushed tulle. This slants down so that it is lower over one hip, and here



An Evening Frock of Pink Beaded Satin and Tulle.

a knot is tied and a spray of bright flowers of varying shades of orange is placed. The ends of the tulle skirt extend straight to the skirt hem. The shoulder straps are of gold cloth to harmonize with the flowers, and from each of them falls a spray of tulle drapery in a semi-circle effect. A wide band of sequins borders the top of the bodice, and long apron panels of sequins appear at the front and back of the skirt. The satin foundation is very narrow.

GRAY HAS GAINED FOOTHOLD

Color Promises to Be in Front in Garments and Millinery—New Sport Bloomers.

Gray has been making a strong bid for favor for two seasons, and in looking over the present displays in the shops it is quite apparent that it has gained a foothold. In fact, those who know say that gray will be the leading color in garments and millinery. Prospects certainly look good.

The new sport bloomers are receiving a ready acceptance by discriminating women. They are just the thing to wear under the short skirts which fashion now decrees. They afford warmth and protection and are a most comfortable garment. They come in the prevailing street colors as well as the white and pink frocks.

Evening hats of lace are much in demand. The lace is usually combined with metal cloth or fur, the favorite pelts being squirrel and beaver. Silver cloth and fur is a favorite combination.

It is quite evident that lace is to be the proper thing to wear. Exquisite dinner and evening dresses in lace, often in combination with tulle, are being shown. Chantilly seems to be the leader, but there are handsome flairs and much embroidered net is used.

Your Outline.

Learn to see yourself in silhouette. This can be done by placing your mirror in such a position that it shows you as much in sharp outline as possible, and to a large extent obliterates detail. In this way you can see if your hat is too large or too small, if your torso is too much for you, if the way you dress your hair is becoming to the lines of your face, or if your skirt sticks out like that of wooden Mrs. Noah, of the nursery ark, when it should be a straight up and down tube-like affair—according to the mode of the day.

Too True.

The devil isn't as black as he is painted, nor is a woman as pink.—Caroline Magazine.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

AN OSTRICH TRIMMED BLOUSE



Since ostrich is used in many other articles of apparel a thoughtful designer trimmed this dainty waist with it. The blouse is made of brown satin. The "Sarah Bernhardt" sleeve is another feature. The high collar trimmed with ostrich looks particularly well.

FASHION NOTES

For street wear divetyn and velvet are most favored, while for the dinner frock the semi-high neck and sleeveless velvet gown is very popular.

For the time being no change is foreseen in the collars. It remains extremely simple, the forehead free, the hair rolled low on the nape of the neck, slides softly waved and nearly on the cheeks.

Attractive sport gauntlets are of camel's hair, brushed and knitted wool, with turn-back cuffs that show the gay colors of different Scotch clans.

For the younger element bouffant types are receiving as much approval as in past seasons, and the full skirt is also gaining favor.

New sweaters show much use of white angora trimming. The sweaters that are to be taken to the southern beaches have very abbreviated sleeves, and short sleeves will probably be generally favored next summer.

There are innumerable collar variations this season. The high, medium and low line are all treated in various ways. There are many plain round necks, others are slashed, and others are pointed. Some of the high collars are turn-overs, some are straight, in mannish effect, while some are completed by a decidedly masculine bow tie.

Imported scarfs of silk, in white, blue and buff, in a new open lace stitch, have their ends embroidered in gay colored wools.

SELECTION OF SPORT DUDS

In Making Choice It Is Safe to Decide on What Is Sensible and Becoming.

The women of America rival those of England in the way they wear their sport clothes and the good judgment with which they select them, asserts a fashion writer. The increasing popularity of sport clothes for everyday wear has of course gained for them a great deal more of the designer's attention. Many a garment, such as the sweater, which only a few years ago was considered almost entirely from the standpoint of utility, has become a very important article in country life. Creators who formerly would have scorned the idea of wasting time on the sweater now consider it well worth while to spend any amount of time in working out new designs in these.

It is as important for a woman to give a great deal of consideration to outfit clothes as to any part of her wardrobe. Every detail should be carefully thought out and the huying done after the greatest deliberation. It is much easier to make mistakes in this type of dress than in any other. Some very ill-assembled clothes are worn under the name of sport apparel. If there is a question as to what is correct it is almost invariably safe to decide on what is sensible and becoming.

VEST VOGUE STILL FAVORED

Accessory Holds Prominent Place in Suits—Waistcoat and Blouse May Be Combined.

The waistcoat, or vest of some sort, is quite pronounced in suits. There is the short pointed vest of cloth, which is really part of the coat itself, the vest of fur with high neck swathing collar and the long waistcoat of a contrasting material. This is really a blouse, as there is a back and sleeves of white crepe de chine; the vest portion being of white taffeta. However, the idea is to exploit the vest, which is made of a different material from the blouse portion for this very purpose, although what might be termed as the blouse part cannot be said to be altogether unobtrusive, as the thinner white silk, of which it is made, is plaided with lines of black stitching, hand done.

An Ivory Bracelet.

An attractive ivory bracelet has as decoration a ring of black elephants.

Land of the Orris Root.

Orris root, which is used as a basis of many perfumes, is obtained only around Florence and in the neighborhood of Verona.

When Green and Tender.

It is in our salad days that we are most particular about our dressing.—Boston Transcript.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent.)
Annual Meeting of Sarah Rebeckah Lodge

The annual meeting and installation of officers was held at Sarah Rebeckah Lodge, No. 4, on Wednesday evening, District Deputy President Miss Evelyn Honeywell, of Esther Lodge, No. 6, of Newport, accompanied by her suite of officers, officially visited the lodge and installed the elective and appointive officers. Those on the installing board were as follows: District Deputy Grand Marshal—Edith Peckham.
District Deputy Grand Warden—Gertrude Ehrhardt.
District Deputy Grand Recording Secretary—Emma Underwood.
District Deputy Grand Treasurer—Kathryn Dawley.
District Deputy Grand Financial Secretary—Ella S. Dunbar.
District Deputy Grand Chaplain—Lizzie O. Barker.
District Deputy Grand Inside Guard—Minnie Grandall.
District Deputy Grand Outside Guard—Selma McGrail.
The new officers, elective and appointive, of Sarah Rebeckah Lodge were as follows:
Noble Grand—E. Gertrude Elliott.
Vice Grand—Christine E. Chase.
Recording Secretary—Mary E. Manchester.
Treasurer—Jethro H. Peckham.
Financial Secretary—Sarah C. A. Peckham.
Warden—Mabel R. P. Sleson.
Conductress—Mabel I. Holman.
Left Standing to Noble Grand—Gertrude S. Bishop.
Right S. to N. G.—Mildred Bishop.
Right S. to V. G.—Sarah A. Handy.
Left S. to V. G.—Mary E. Caswell.
Chaplain—Mrs. Annie C. Peckham.
Inside Guard—Anna M. Burge.
Outside Guard—George A. Brown.
Miss Mildred Bishop was not installed, as she was unable to be present.
Remarks were made by a number of the visitors and by the Past Grand, Elizabeth U. Sherman.

At the close of the installation ceremonies a gift of gold was presented to the District Deputy President, Miss Honeywell, by the Noble Grand of Sarah Rebeckah Lodge, from the members of that lodge.

A bountiful supper was served by the Social committee, with Mrs. Emerson A. Bishop as chairman.
Mrs. Sarah C. A. Peckham presided at the piano during supper.

Regular Meeting of Town Council and Probate Court

All the members were present at the regular meeting of the town council and probate court which was held on Monday afternoon at the Town Hall.

In the town council the petition of Elizabeth E. Parkinson for a victualler's license was granted, fee \$5.
The petition of S. Kaufman for a license to peddle dry goods and notions was granted, fee \$5.

The clerk was instructed to ask the Newport County Electric Company to place lights at Childs street and Dexter street.

The town clerk was authorized to draw an order on the town treasurer for \$125, the balance due the Portsmouth Free Public Library, from the Town appropriation.

Edwin J. Tripp and Daniel H. Gleason were appointed special constables to serve at the Narragansett Shipbuilding Company, at the expense of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Frederick W. Holman presented his resignation as liquor constable, his reason being lack of support generally. The matter was laid on the table for further consideration.

The Overseer of the Poor was authorized to take Manuel Barker to the State Home and School.

The petition of Arthur S. Phillips for permission to lay water pipes under the Common at Bristol Ferry was allowed, provided said pipe be laid not less than two feet below the surface, Mr. Phillips to be responsible for damage resulting therefrom.

Voted, that the Town Sergeant be notified by the Clerk that no further bills of his will be honored by the town council, except for such duty as is especially ordered by the council. Also that Clarence B. Pierce, police constable, receive the same notice.

William J. Deegan and Thomas Birtwistle were appointed police constables, Thomas Birtwistle to act as assistant, and both to act under the direction of the council.

The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that the liquor law should be strictly enforced, and they desire to notify the citizens of the town that any complaint presented to the council in writing will be looked into and prosecuted if the evidence is sufficient to warrant it."

Voted that William W. Anthony, the dog constable, be instructed to enforce the town ordinance relating to dogs.

The matter of declaring Mill Lane a public highway was continued to February 8.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.
In the probate court, the petition of Addie B. Northup that Marion P. Hall be appointed administratrix of the estate of Charles M. Cornell was allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$2000, with Herbert P. Hall as surety. John R. Coggeshall was appointed appraiser.

The first and final account of Joe P. Brazil, administrator of the estate of Anna D. Brazil, was referred to February 8.

The petition of Robert H. Manchester to be appointed administrator of the estate of Grace E. Manchester was received, and, all parties interested waiving notice, was allowed. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$1000.

The inventory of Frances J. Faulkner was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of Alonzo E. Borden was allowed and ordered recorded.

The will of Frederick A. Sisson was proved and ordered recorded. Bond was required in the sum of \$2000, with Ella W. Sisson as surety.

The petition of Mary B. Amy, who was appointed executrix of the will of Henry W. Amy, declining that trust because of ill health, and asking that Donald I. Thurston be appointed administrator with the will annexed, was allowed. The executor was required to give bond in the sum of \$14,000 with surety satisfactory to the clerk. Robert E. Chase was appointed appraiser.

Miss Muriel C. Pierce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Pierce, is quarantined to her home with scarlet fever.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, December 30, 1920.
Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield

FRANK LITTLEFIELD, Administrator of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his petition, requesting that the personal estate of said deceased be not subject to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death was seized and possessed of certain parcels of land situated in said Town of New Shoreham, and buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows:

First parcel is bounded northerly on land of Harold H. Littlefield, easterly on land of John Littlefield and land of George L. Payne and wife, southerly and westerly on the highway, containing about four acres of land, and known as the Westcott estate.

Second parcel is bounded northerly on land of John E. Littlefield, easterly on the Primitive Methodist Church, southerly on the highway, and westerly on the highway and Mot's Pond and land of Alvin Sprague, containing about one-half acre of land.

Third parcel is bounded northerly on land of the heirs of Wm. P. Ball and Trinity Fund and land of Hamlin H. Mott, easterly and southerly on the highway and westerly on land of Harold H. Littlefield, containing about four acres of land, and known as the Mott estate.

Fourth parcel is bounded northerly on land of William A. Hull and the highway, easterly on the highway and land of Joseph S. Peckham, southerly on the Fresh Pond and westerly on the highway, containing about six acres.

Fifth parcel is bounded northerly by land of John H. Redfield and others and land of Winnifred S. Dodge and land of Loretta H. Dickens, southerly on land of Loretta H. Dickens and land of Charles A. Hall and westerly on the ocean, containing about ten acres.

Sixth parcel is bounded northerly by the heirs of Catherine Dickens, easterly on land of Lemuel P. and Phoebe Rogers, southerly on said Rogers' land and Frank Sprague, and westerly on land of Estella Ball Sprague.

Seventh parcel is bounded northerly on land of Hamilton Lane, easterly on the heirs of Edmund Dodge, southerly on land of the heirs of Edmund Dodge and land of the heirs of Edmund Dodge and other land of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield and westerly on land of Parker Mitchell and wife and land of John E. Dunn, containing about seven acres.

Eighth parcel is bounded northerly on land of said Parker Mitchell and John E. Dunn and land of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, southerly on the highway and westerly on land formerly of Nathaniel Hall, deceased, containing about six acres.

Ninth parcel is an undivided interest in and to a lot of land containing four acres, formerly belonging to Edmund Dodge, deceased, bounded northerly and westerly on the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, easterly on land of Laurence Ball and Robert E. Bouker, and southerly on land of Helen L. Kehbeck, and southerly on the highway, and the said parcels may appear to be bounded.

And further representing that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely necessary to satisfy the debts which said deceased owed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

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Mortgagee's Sale

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Franklin T. Burch and Ella L. Burch, his wife, to the Savings Bank of Newport, dated March 25th, A. D. 1901, and recorded in Volume 46 at pages 292 and 333 of the Mortgages Land Evidence of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, and in the condition of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the said Mortgagee will sell at Public Auction in front of the Court House in said Newport, on January 22nd, A. D. 1921, at 10 A. M., all the right, title and interest which said Franklin T. Burch and Ella L. Burch had at the time of the execution of said mortgage, and did by said mortgage convey, in or to that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly on Cross street, thirty-one and seven-tenths (31.7) feet; North on land of the heirs or devisees of Arcata A. Saunders, fifty (50) feet; Easterly on land of the heirs or devisees of John D. Swan, twenty-nine and eight-tenths (29.8) feet; and Southerly on land of the heirs or devisees of John W. Stevens, fifty (50) feet, containing about fifteen hundred and thirty-five (1535) square feet of land, be all said measurements more or less, or lower or otherwise, the same may be bounded or described; said premises being all that was granted by said Mortgage deed, which deed is hereby made part hereof.

And the said Mortgagee hereby gives notice that it intends to bid for said property at said sale thereof.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.
By Grant P. Taylor, Treas.

Newport, R. I., January 1, 1921.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS
Newport, Se.

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 1st, 1921.

WHEREAS ALMYRA H. BARLOW of the City of Newport in said County of Newport, has filed in the above captioned petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Almyra H. Barlow and Joseph W. Barlow, now in parts of said County of Newport, and whereas the said Almyra H. Barlow unknown, and whereas an order for notice to the said Joseph W. Barlow by publication has been entered.

THEREFORE notice is hereby given to the said Joseph W. Barlow, of his pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be holden at the Court House in Newport, in said County of Newport, within and for the County of Newport, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1921, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY,
Clerk.

Jan. 1-6t

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE
Newport December 11th, 1920.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of ALICE E. HIGBEE, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said Alice E. Higbee are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALICE E. HIGBEE.

12-11

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE
Newport December 11th, 1920.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of HELEN A. STODOLY, minor, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said Helen A. Stodoly are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HERBERT W. TINSON.

12-11

Probate Court of the City of Newport, January 5th, 1921.

Estate of Dennis Whitty

PETITION in writing is made by Michael Whitty, of said Newport, for reasons therein stated, that he, or some other suitable person, may be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Dennis Whitty, a person of full age, of said Newport, and said petition is received and referred to the Twenty-fourth day of January instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury, citation having been served according to law.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

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No. 192
Reserve District No. 1

REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business December 29, 1920.

RESOURCES. DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including rediscounts \$1,704 55 \$51,704 55
Overdrafts unsecured 83 85 83 85
U. S. Government securities owned: Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds payable) 119,000 00
Owned and unpledged 96,672 25
Total U. S. Government securities 205,672 25
Total bonds securities, etc., other than U. S. 23,748 68
Federal Reserve Bank Stock 5,100 00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank 5,100 00
Equity in banking house 20,700 00
Loans to the Federal Reserve Bank 52,478 43
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks 96,023 69
Exchanges for clearing house 1,016 30
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer 5,600 00
Interest earned but not collected, on notes and bills receivable not past due 8,497 41
Total \$84,142 22

LIABILITIES. DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in Surplus fund 212,600 00
Undivided profits 50,000 00
Less current expenses 33,207 75
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not entered (approximate) 3,100 70
Circulating notes outstanding 103,370 10
Certified checks outstanding 283 87
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding 7,915 63
Individual deposits subject to check 506,322 12
Certificates of deposits due in less than 60 days (other than for money borrowed) 24,519 24
Dividends unpaid 2 40
Total \$84,142 22

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss
I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1921.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Correct—Attest: GEORGE W. SHERMAN, WILLIAM W. COVELL, BRADFORD NORMAN, Directors.

A Paupable Hit, Sir.

A correspondent criticizes our recent remark that while a glass of buttermilk may be as nourishing as a half dozen oysters, you'll never find a pearl in a glass of buttermilk. "Humph!" he ejaculates. "I've found as many pearls in buttermilk as I ever have in oysters."—Boston Transcript.

No. 1565. THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON DECEMBER 29, 1920

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts	\$512,423.85	
Notes and bills rediscounted with Federal Reserve Bank	15,000.00	497,423.85
Overdrafts, unsecured, \$322.27		982.27
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	100,000.00	
U. S. Bonds pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable	100,000.00	
Owned and unpledged	8,656.89	208,656.89
Total U. S. Government securities		100,265.00
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged		100,265.00
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		100,265.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock		4,950.00
Federal Reserve Bank stock	22,615.00	
Value of banking house		22,615.00
Equity in banking house		1.00
Furniture and fixtures		35,491.62
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		79,031.96
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks		8,141.63
Exchanges for clearing house		183.40
Checks on other banks in the same city or town		31.28
Checks on banks located outside of city		6,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		3,281.97
Interest earned but not collected		4,592.82
Other assets, if any		
TOTAL		\$1,031,651.69

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	65,000.00
Undivided Profits	34,270.02
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	24,168.62
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance, not earned	10,101.40
Circulating notes outstanding	4,679.62
Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank, including deferred credits	97,200.00
Net amounts due to national banks	7,294.20
Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies	5,851.80
Certified checks outstanding	2,305.61
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding	4,871.23
Total	1,545.00
Individual deposits subject to check	21,868.93
Total of demand deposits	635,559.74
Other time deposits	9,842.00
Total of time deposits	9,842.00
Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank	87,400.00
TOTAL	\$1,031,651.69
Liabilities for rediscount with Federal Reserve Bank	15,000.00
Total contingent liabilities	16,000.00

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ss:
I, GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of January, 1921.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Correct—Attest: JOHN T. HAIRE, EDWARD S. PECKHAM, WILLIAM R. HARVEY, Directors.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

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GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

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Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 283

Jamestown Agency

ALTON F. COGGESHAL

Narragansett Ave. Phone 2343

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Se. Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., September 29th, A. D. 1920.

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1920, and returnable to the said Court October 9th, A. D. 1920, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the fifth day of July, A. D. 1920, in favor of Frank L. Collins, of Newport, plaintiff, against William C. Anthony, alias John Doe, of said Newport, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William C. Anthony, alias John Doe, had on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1920, at 6 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m. Standard time and at 6 minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. City time, (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to that certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, and bounded westerly on Coggeshall Avenue; northerly on land now or formerly of Baldwin, southerly on land now or formerly of Crain and easterly on land now or formerly of Van Allen and lands now or formerly of Baldwin, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, being the same premises conveyed to William C. Anthony by Clark Burdick, Trustee, dated August 12th, 1915, and

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1921, at 1 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees, and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

12-11-4t m

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, January 18, A. D. 1921, at the same time and place as above mentioned.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Jan. 2, 1921

For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, January 18, A. D. 1921, at the same time and place as above mentioned.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

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